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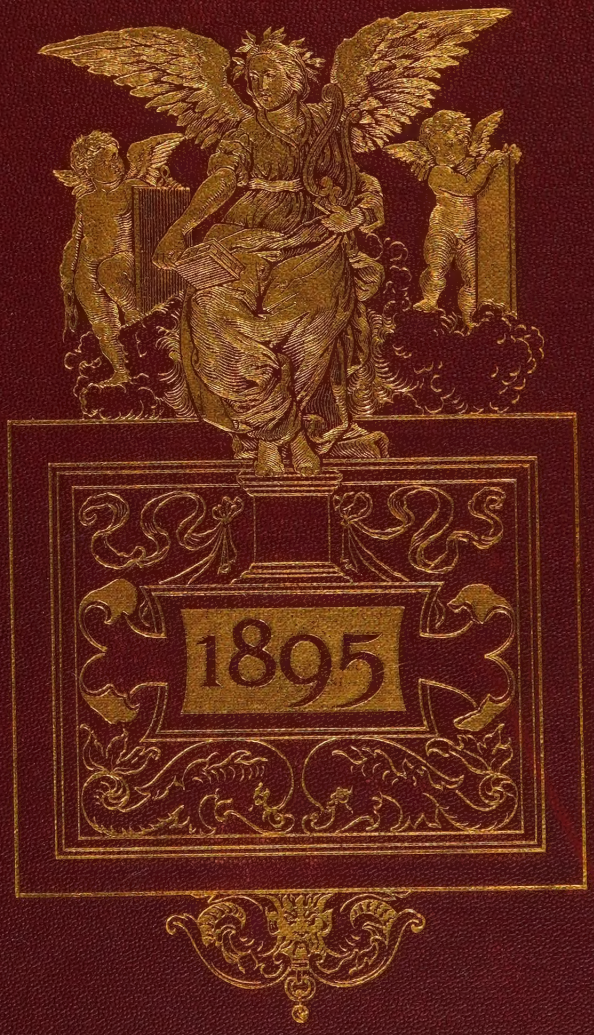

Raphael Pinxit.

Braun Clément & Cie Ph. Sc.

The Madonna del Granduca.

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THE

PORTFOLIO

MONOGRAPHS ON ARTISTIC SUBJECTS
WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

THE EARLY WORK OF RAPHAEL
By JULIA CARTWRIGHT

THE ART OF W. Q. ORCHARDSON
By WALTER ARMSTRONG

CLAUDE LORRAIN
By GEORGE GRAHAM

LONDON
SEELEY AND CO., LIMITED, ESSEX STREET, STRAND
NEW YORK: MACMILLAN AND CO.
1895

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THE EARLY WORK OF RAPHAEL

By

JULIA CARTWRIGHT

(MRS. HENRY ADY)

Author of "Sacharissa," "Madame," "Jules Bastien-Lepage," &c.

LONDON

SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED, ESSEX STREET, STRAND

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THE
EARLY WORK OF RAPHAEL

PART I

URBINO

1483—1500

Birth and family of Raphael—Giovanni Santi as a painter and a poet—His relations with the Court of Urbino—Early training of Raphael—Timoteo Viti his first master—His earliest pictures—St. Michael—Vision of a Knight—The Three Graces—His character and genius.

Among the many services which the late Senatore Morelli rendered to the cause of art, none is more important than the new light which he has thrown on the life and work of Raphael. His keen and accurate eye, his patient researches, have done more to place the study of the great Urbinate's art upon a scientific footing than the whole mass of literature which, in former years, had gathered round his name. Many old traditions have been upset, more than one favourite conviction of the popular mind has been destroyed, in the process. The fables which had grown up round the painter's childhood and the story of his loves have been blown to the winds. A few celebrated pictures and a vast number of drawings which had been indiscriminately assigned to his hand have been restored to their true authors. But it cannot be said that Raphael's fame has suffered loss. On the contrary, his genius only shines with a purer and serener lustre. Now for the first time we realise the rare excellence and supreme beauty of his art. Now, better than ever before, we can

follow him through the successive stages of his development. Step by step we can measure the growth of his powers and note the marvellous facility with which he received and assimilated each fresh impression. We can lay our finger on the varied sources from which he drew his inspiration, and see how line by line, form by form, his creations derived their birth from one master after another, until all that was best in the art of Ferrara, of Umbria, and of Florence became gradually absorbed into his art. Much more, no doubt, remains to be done. Our knowledge of the actual facts of Raphael's early years is still vague and fragmentary, and too often lacks the support of historic evidence. But the main lines which future investigation will take have been laid down, and all systematic study of Raphael's work will be henceforth based upon Morelli's conclusions.

Foremost among the kindly influences which fostered the development of Raphael's art were the time and place of his birth. For once at least in the world's story the child of genius saw the light under the most fortunate conditions. Urbino, where he was born in the full noontide of the Italian Renaissance, was famous not only for its pure air and lovely situation, but for the virtue and wisdom of the Montefeltro princes. Under the paternal rule of the good Duke Federigo, this narrow strip of land between Umbria and the Marches had become the seat of an ideal Court, upon which the eyes of all Europe were fixed. Here, on the rugged heights of the Apennines, overlooking the distant Adriatic, the Illyrian architect Luzio di Lauranna had reared that palace which was to become one of the wonders of Italy—"a palace," writes that accomplished gentleman Castiglione, "so richly furnished with all things needful that it appeared rather a city than a palace. For he adorned it not only with silver plate and splendid hangings of gold and silk brocade, but with an infinite number of antique statues of marble and bronze and precious pictures and musical instruments of all kinds, neither would he add anything but what was most rare and excellent. Above all, he collected a large number of rare and excellent books, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, which he ornamented with gold and silver, and counted the most costly treasure of his great palace." Here the good Duke, himself as ardent a student as he was brave as a warrior, loved to collect noble youths and men of learning about him, and with them devote his leisure

hours to knightly exercises and Latin studies. Often, too, he would descend into the narrow streets at the foot of the castle hill and walk freely up and down among his subjects, entering their workshops and talking with the peasants on market days, and so beloved was he by all, that the people fell on their knees and cried "God keep you!" as he passed.

At this model court Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi, held a distinguished position, both as a painter and a poet. Originally natives of Colbordolo, a village in the hills above the valley of the Foglia, the Santi saw their homes laid waste by an inroad of Sigismondo Malatesta in 1446. Four years later, fearing a second incursion of the enemy, they took shelter within the walls of Urbino. Here they carried on their trade as corn and oil dealers, and, in 1464, bought a house in one of the steep streets at the corner of the market-place, known at that time as the Contrada del Monte, to-day as the Contrada Raffaello. Giovanni, who was born before 1440, recalls the perils of his youth and the flames that consumed the paternal nest in his verses, and sighs over the ceaseless round of domestic cares, "of all the ills that flesh is heir to, the most wearisome," but which nevertheless have not hindered him from embracing the splendid art of painting—"*la mirabile e clarissima arte di pittura*," of which noble calling he does not blush to call himself the servant. Yet he seems to have been a fortunate and prosperous man. When he was about forty, he married Magia Ciarla, the daughter of an Urbino tradesman, who brought him a dowry of 150 florins, and at the death of his father, in 1485, inherited the chief part of his property in land and houses. By this time he was an artist of considerable reputation, although he still plied his trade in corn and ropes and oil, and carved images and gilded candelabra, as well as painted altar-pieces for the churches of Urbino.

Magia Ciarla bore her husband three children, two of whom died in their infancy. The only surviving one, Raphael, was born on Good Friday, the 28th of March 1483. His father gave him the name of the archangel who was reverenced as the special protector of the young, and Magia nursed the boy herself, by the express wish of her husband, who feared that he might not thrive under the roof of hired peasants. A faded painting of the *Madonna and Child* in the courtyard of the house

where he was born is said to represent the artist's wife and child, while according to another old tradition, Raphael appears as a boy-angel with curly locks and brown eyes in his father's wall-painting in the Dominican church at Cagli. This altar-piece of the *Virgin and Saints*, with a lunette of the *Resurrection* above, and another Madonna at the convent of Montefiorentino, near Castel Durante, are among the best of many works with which Giovanni Santi adorned the churches in the neighbourhood of Urbino, during the last ten years of his life. These are for the most part painted in the conventional Umbrian manner, and cannot be said to give us any high idea of his powers. The same faces and types are repeated with little variety, the draperies are stiff, the attitudes constrained, but the execution is careful and conscientious throughout, and the architectural backgrounds and foreshortened figures show that he had profited by the teaching of the more distinguished artists who had visited Urbino. Paolo Uccello came there in 1468, and a year afterwards, Giovanni Santi himself received Piero della Francesca under his roof, when he came to paint an altar-piece for the confraternity of Corpus Christi, while he speaks of Melozzo da Forli as a dear and intimate friend. But if the father of Raphael never rose above the rank of a second-class artist, he was a man of considerable mental attainments, and his influence as a scholar and poet had probably a greater effect upon his son's future than his actual achievements in art. It was these gifts which endeared him to Duke Federigo, whose death in 1482 he lamented with such heartfelt grief, and which won for him the favour of his youthful son and successor, Guidobaldo. In a letter of the 10th of May 1483, Antonio Braccaleone, the young Duke's doctor, mentions a portrait of himself which has been lately finished by the Duke's painter, who "is also a disciple of the Muses"—a description which, as M. Müntz has already remarked, plainly applies to Giovanni Santi. In this capacity he probably accompanied Guidobaldo when, in 1486, he went to Mantua to visit his destined bride, Elizabeth Gonzaga, and there saw Messer Andrea at work on his famous *Triumphs*. When, two years afterwards, the Duke's marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Urbino, it was Giovanni Santi who composed the dramatic poem introducing all the gods and goddesses of Olympus to welcome the royal bride, which the young Duchess describes, in her letters to Mantua, as the most splendid part of her reception.

It was doubtless in honour of this occasion that Giovanni wrote and dedicated to Guidobaldo his famous poem, consisting of 23,000 verses in *terza rima*, and now preserved in the Vatican Library. The long chapters which recount the warlike deeds of Duke Federigo and the well-known passage on living painters have been often quoted, but in some ways the most interesting part of the poem is the prelude. There, in strains of tender melancholy that recall Chaucer's verse, the poet tells us how one autumn day, when the leaves were growing pale and the flowers had vanished from meadow and hillside, he lay down in the shade of a spreading beech, and, musing sadly over the sense of human failure, fell asleep, and was led in a trance by Plutarch through the halls of the Gods and the temple of Mars. There he heard the fatal news of Duke Federigo's death, and, waking from his dream, resolved to sing the praise of the dead hero. The whole poem is plainly written in imitation of the *Divina Commedia*, and shows Raphael's father to have been a man of wide culture, who shared the humanists' love of antiquity, and was familiar with every phase of contemporary art. He does not forget good King René or mighty John of Bruges, and enumerates the painters and sculptors of Florence from Fra Angelico and Masaccio to Ghirlandajo and Donatello. He speaks of Lionardo and Perugino as two youths equal in their age and affection for one another, dwells with delight on the art of Desider, "*si dolce e bello*," and has a word of praise for the Venetian masters. But, above all, he extols Andrea Mantegna as foremost among living artists, a compliment which would not fail to be appreciated by the young Duchess, but which was also the fruit of his own genuine admiration of the great Mantuan's art. The influence of Mantegna certainly makes itself felt in Giovanni's later works, especially in the portraits of donors which he introduces in his altar-piece at Montefiorentino and in another which he painted about this time in the Cathedral of Urbino, for the Buffi, a family intimately connected with his wife's relations. His portraits, we learn from a letter of Isabella d'Este, were in great repute, and he himself was highly esteemed by her sister-in-law, the young Duchess Elizabeth.

But in the midst of this prosperous career, family troubles came to darken Giovanni's home. In October 1491, he lost both his wife and

mother within a few days, and his infant daughter soon followed them to the grave. Six months later he married a young girl named Bernardina di Parte, the daughter of an Urbino goldsmith, who brought him a dowry of 200 florins. In the summer of 1493, the Duchess paid a long visit to her sister-in-law, Isabella d'Este, and when at Christmas the Duke went to Mantua to bring her back, he took Giovanni Santi with him, to paint the portraits of the Gonzaga family. By the 13th of January 1494, he had finished that of Isabella d'Este, which she sent to a friend, with the remark that the likeness did not satisfy her, although it was the work of Giovanni Santi, the Duchess of Urbino's painter, who was renowned for his skill in portraiture. He proceeded to take portraits of her husband the Marquis Gianfrancesco and of his brother, Bishop Lodovico, but before he had completed these, he fell ill of fever and returned home. There he lingered on for several months, growing weaker every day, and finding himself unable to complete the portraits which he had begun, or to paint that of the Duchess, which was impatiently awaited at Mantua. On the 1st of August he died, and on the 19th Elizabeth wrote to her sister-in-law : "About twenty days ago Giovanni de' Sancti, the painter, passed out of this life. He was conscious to the last, and died in an excellent state of mind. May God pardon and receive his soul !"

A few days before his death Giovanni had made a will, leaving the bulk of his property, valued at 860 florins, to be equally divided between his brother, a priest, by name Don Bartolommeo, and his young son Raphael, and giving his widow her dowry and clothes, together with the right of living in the family house. Soon after her husband's death Bernardina gave birth to a daughter, who was entitled under her father's will to a portion of 150 florins. But Don Bartolommeo, who had been appointed guardian to his nephew, soon quarrelled with his widowed sister-in-law, and refused to pay for his niece's maintenance. In 1495, and again in 1497, the case came before the courts of law, and each time the priest was condemned with costs. Still Don Bartolommeo remained obdurate, until, in June 1499, the case again came before the Bishop's Court, and he was ordered to pay his brother's widow a yearly sum of twenty-six florins. Meanwhile Bernardina had taken refuge in her mother's house, and did not finally receive the payments due to her

until the 13th of May 1500, when the matter was finally settled. In the records of these law-suits Raphael is expressly named as present in court on June 1499, but as absent from Urbino in the following May.

While his uncle and stepmother were wrangling over this heritage, it was his mother's relations who watched over his childhood. Both his grandfather and grandmother left him money in their wills, and his uncle Simone Ciarla acted a parent's part by the orphan boy, who loved him as dearly as if he had been his own father. Unfortunately we have no record of Raphael's boyhood. Vasari's story of his being taken to Perugia in 1495 and placed by his father in the school of Perugino, to the bitter grief of his mother, is now proved to have been mere fable. His mother, we have seen, died when he was eight, his father when he was eleven years old. Later writers have assumed that he entered Perugino's *atelier* in 1495, a year after Giovanni Santi's death. But we know now that between 1493, when Perugino married a young wife in Florence, and 1499 he was engaged in executing works at Florence or in other cities, and seldom visited Perugia. The question remains who was Raphael's first master? It is this question to which Morelli has given so convincing and decisive an answer. His conclusion on this point is now accepted by the majority of foreign and English writers, but still rejected by some authorities, among whom we regret to name Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Dr. Bode. Raphael no doubt learnt the elements of drawing and painting from his father, and as a child gave sign of that quick receptiveness and keen sense of beauty which were his especial gifts. His uncle, seeing him to be a boy of remarkable promise, naturally placed him in the workshop of the only painter of note then living in Urbino—Timoteo Viti. This artist had left home in 1490, to enter the shop of Francia the goldsmith-painter of Bologna, and after serving his apprenticeship had returned to Urbino in April 1495, to the great sorrow of his master, who records the departure of this favourite pupil in the following entry of his journal: "1495.—On the 4th day of April my dear Timoteo left me. May God give him all happiness and prosperity." Timoteo, then twenty-six years of age, is described as a pleasant, genial youth, who was the best of fellows and gayest of companions, and sang and played on the lyre with rare skill. His joyous nature and refined tastes soon won the love of young Raphael, and a strong friendship sprang up between the two

artists. This circumstance, together with the remarkable likeness that is apparent between the early works of Raphael and those of Timoteo, led Vasari to hazard the statement that the boy of twelve was the teacher of a master fourteen years older than himself, and already a painter of considerable reputation, and to add that Raphael, struck by Timoteo's youthful promise, invited him to Rome in 1518, to assist him in painting the Sibyls of St. Maria della Pace. It is now proved that Timoteo settled at Urbino in 1495, where he was employed by successive Dukes as their Court-painter, that in 1501 he married Girolama Spaccioli, a girl of a noble Urbino family, held the post of chief magistrate in 1513, and seldom if ever left Urbino again. That he was the first to influence Raphael's genius is clearly proved by a glance at the works which he painted at this period, more especially the altar-piece of the Virgin between St. Vitale and St. Crescenzio, in the Brera. Both in this picture, which long bore the name of Raphael, and the later St. Margaret at Bergamo or the Magdalen at Bologna, we find the same broad hands and feet, the same oval faces and heads bent on one side, the same naïve and graceful feeling that we are accustomed to ascribe to Raphael. Timoteo, in the words of Morelli, was in fact Raphaelesque before Raphael, or rather, it was from his teaching that the young Raphael derived those marked characteristics of the Ferrarese school which Timoteo had learnt from Francia and Costa, and which are evident in his pupil's early productions.

The first undoubted work of Raphael, painted in all probability when he was about sixteen, and still studying at Urbino under Timoteo Viti, is the *Vision of a Knight*. This famous little picture, which, together with the pen-and-ink drawing from which it was traced, is now one of the treasures of the National Gallery, came originally from Urbino into the Borghese Collection, when the Duchy was annexed to the Papal See. The subject breathes the very essence of that courtly and romantic atmosphere which haunted the palace of Urbino, and may well have been inspired by the Duchess Elizabeth herself. This accomplished lady, we are told by a sixteenth-century writer, the architect Serlio, was the first to honour the son of her old friend Giovanni Santi with her patronage, and Raphael may have painted this little allegory for the decoration of her chamber, just as Costa and Mantegna painted their pictures of Parnassus and the Muses for Isabella d'Este's grotto

Portrait of Timoteo Viti. By himself. British Museum.

at Mantua. The story of the choice which each traveller who sets out on the journey of life has to make between work and idleness, between duty and pleasure, may have been taken from the Greek myth of Hercules or from the romance of some Renaissance poet. The youthful knight lies asleep upon his shield under a laurel-tree, between two fair maidens. The one, simply robed in purple, offers him a book and a sword; the other, gaily attired in a pale-blue robe with cherry-coloured sleeves, and wearing a coral string twisted in her hair and round her neck, holds out a myrtle spray, and seeks to lure him into her smooth and pleasant paths. Every detail in the picture—the attitude of the two maidens, the forms of their hands and faces, the fall of their short skirts, the handkerchief twisted round their heads, the very shape of the trees and rocks in the background, recall Timoteo Viti's works, and prove the young painter to have inherited the traditions of Ferrara and Bologna masters. At the same time, the timid, careful drawing, the simple directness with which the story is told, stamp the picture as the work of a very youthful artist. The same childlike naïveté, the same miniature-like finish, appear in another work of this period, which Morelli considers to have been executed even earlier than the *Vision of a Knight.* This is the little *St. Michael* of the Louvre, which Raphael painted on the back of a draughtboard for Duke Guidobaldo, and which Lomazzo (1548) mentions as being in the collection of the French king at Fontainebleau. The picture may have been sent as a gift to King Louis XII. in acknowledgment of his courtesy, when in 1503 he conferred the order of St. Michael upon the Duke's young nephew Francesco della Rovere, just as Raphael's *St. George* was presented to Henry VII. after Guidobaldo had been made a Knight of the Garter. But, whatever its exact date may be, this *St. Michael* is clearly a work of Raphael's early youth. The warrior-saint, armed with the red-cross shield and brandishing his sword above his head like some paladin of old, might have stepped straight out of some nursery-book of fairy tales. His youthful face and glittering helmet recall the sleeping Knight of the Dream, his green wings are touched with gold after the manner of Timoteo's saints, and the scaly dragon and grotesque monsters crawling away behind him are the offspring of the same childish fancy. But the smoking towers of

the City of Dis in the background, and the poor souls tortured by cruel demons or wandering to and fro under the weight of their leaden capes, "like the hooded monks of Cologne," are evidently borrowed from Dante's *Inferno*. So exact is the rendering of the torments endured

The Vision of a Knight. By Raphael. National Gallery.

by the thieves and hypocrites, as described in the 23rd and 24th Cantos of the *Inferno*, that we are inclined to think young Raphael must have copied this part of his picture from one of those splendidly illustrated copies of Dante that were the glory of the ducal palace.

If this may help to explain the Dantesque imagery of the *St. Michael*, the third work which Morelli ascribes to this period—the *Three Graces*, now at Chantilly—doubtless owes its origin to some antique gem or miniature from some Latin manuscript in the ducal collection. But anything less classical than this little picture it would be hard to conceive. It has certainly no connection with the marble group at Siena which Pinturicchio copied on a sheet of the Venice Sketch-book, and which was long supposed to have supplied Raphael with this motive. There is nothing Greek or statuesque about these three maidens who stand side by side in the green mountain valley, each laying one hand on her sister's shoulder and holding a golden apple in the other. Their rounded limbs and rosy faces are modelled on the true Ferrarese type, and bear an unmistakable likeness to Francia's saints, while they wear the same coral beads as the maiden with the myrtle-spray, in the *Vision of a Knight*. The drawing is marked by the same anxious endeavour, and, if here and there the outline of a limb may be defective, there is a soft charm and grace about these youthful forms that bears witness to an ideal of beauty already present to the young painter's mind. The picture, which is under seven inches in height and less than five inches in breadth, must have been painted at the close of his Urbino period, probably just before he left Timoteo's side to seek further teaching in Perugino's school. Like the *Vision of a Knight* and the *St. Michael*, it once adorned the halls of Guidobaldo's palace, until it passed with the first-named picture into the Borghese Collection. A singular interest belongs to these three little pictures, that were the first-fruits of Raphael's genius, and which by a fortunate chance have come down to us in fair preservation, when so much of his riper work has perished. In them we see the hand of the boy of genius striving to give expression to the romantic dreams of his imagination, filled already with the yearning after beauty and the passionate love of antiquity that were to attain their complete development in after life. And in a remarkable way they foreshadow the triumphs of his future years. These little pictures which Raphael painted in his mountain home, under the shadow of Lauranna's castle towers, represent the different realms of sacred story, of mystic allegory, and classical antiquity which supplied the inspiration for those great dramas that he was one day to set forth on the Vatican walls, in the eyes of all Christendom.

There is at Oxford a drawing, in black chalks, of a boy of fifteen or sixteen, with a serious and gentle face, wearing a black cap over his long locks. It is on the same paper and in the same style as another drawing which hangs close by—a head of St. Catherine bearing a palm-branch—now generally recognised to be the work of Timoteo Viti. So there can be little doubt that this lad with the graceful air and the

St. Michael. By Raphael. In the Louvre.

thoughtful eyes is the young Raphael, drawn by the hand of his first master, in the days when he painted the sleeping knight and the sister Graces. But this fair boy, whose happy nature and winning ways charmed young and old alike, was the hardest of workers and most unwearied of learners. He had, in fact, already formed that ceaseless habit of acquiring ideas which lay at the root of all his future greatness.

From the first Raphael was never an artist of remarkable originality He did not break new ground or discard old traditions to make room

for types and ideas of his own invention. He was, in point of fact, less of an innovator than Michelangelo or Lionardo, than Giorgione or Mantegna. But he possessed, in a measure rarely given to any human being, the power of assimilating the impressions which he received from a thousand different quarters. Every picture that he saw, each artist whom he met, became to him a fresh spring of inspiration and a new source of strength. But while he was always receiving fresh impressions and learning new lessons, he never forgot the old or lost the knowledge to which he had once attained. In a wonderful way he knew how to select and combine, to blend and transform all these separate elements into one perfect and harmonious whole. His pure taste and exquisite feeling gave the final touch, and his originality, it has been happily said, was his excellence.

PART II

PERUGIA

1500—1504

Raphael in the school of Perugino—His first pieces—The Dudley Crucifixion—The Coronation of the Vatican—Influence of Pinturicchio—Siena frescoes—Venice Sketch-book—The Berlin Madonnas—The Conestabile Virgin—St. Sebastian at Bergamo—Portrait of Perugino—The Sposalizio—St. George of the Louvre—Raphael at Urbino—Giovanna della Rovere's letter.

At the close of the fifteenth century Perugino was the most popular painter in Italy. That mystic strain which Umbrian masters had derived from Benozzo Gozzoli, the scholar of Fra Angelico, and which had been further developed by the presence of the great sanctuary of Assisi, reached its highest technical perfection in the works of the Perugia master. These pensive Madonnas, clad in richly ornamented robes and set in peaceful landscapes under summer skies, these saints whose upturned faces and yearning eyes spoke of a haven of rest after the storms of this life, had a peculiar fascination for the men and women of that troubled age, tired as they were with the din of perpetual warfare. Perugino's pictures were accordingly in great request, and orders flowed in from all quarters. In 1500, he had just completed the frescoes of the Hall of Exchange in his native city, and was engaged to supply altar-pieces for the convents of Vallombrosa and the Certosa of Pavia, for the nuns of the Pazzi in Florence, and several of the principal churches in Perugia. It was no easy task to execute all these commissions, and great ladies, such as Isabella d'Este, had to wait years before their demands could be satisfied.

Under these circumstances it was natural that young Raphael, having served his apprenticeship under Timoteo Viti, should enter Perugino's workshop as one of the large band of scholars and assistants who were employed in carrying out his designs. The Umbrian master's fame stood high at the Court of Urbino, and he was well known to Duke Guidobaldo's sister, Giovanna della Rovere, the wife of the Prefect of Rome, whose uncle, Pope Sixtus IV., had employed him to paint the frescoes of the Sistine. Raphael's own father had spoken of him in his poem as a divine painter, and as lately as 1497, he had finished the great altar-piece at Fano, for the same church which Giovanni Santi had formerly adorned with his works. In all probability Perugino had been personally acquainted with the Court-painter of Urbino, but, whether he had known the father or not, the son soon won his affection. His talent for drawing, as well as the charm of his manners, says Vasari, captivated Pietro, who pronounced at once that he would become a great master.

The busy life of Perugia itself and its turbulent streets offered a strange contrast to the quiet scenes in which Raphael's early youth had been spent. From the first the loveliness of the Umbrian landscape and glory of those wide views over the Tiber valley sank deep into his soul. The sight of Assisi, with its memories of Dante and St. Francis, and the great double church where generations of artists had painted their masterpieces in turn, may well have stirred his impressionable nature. But there were other scenes nearer home which touched him still more deeply. After a long spell of fierce warfare between the rival factions whose quarrels tore Perugia in twain, the Oddi had been expelled and the Baglioni had triumphed. For a time peace reigned in the distracted city, churches were rebuilt, and art flourished within its walls. But soon the fiery passions which filled the breast of the leading citizens broke out again, and the summer of 1500 witnessed one of those bloody tragedies that were common in the annals of Perugia. In June Astorre Baglioni celebrated his wedding with great rejoicing, but a fortnight later he was murdered in cold blood by his kinsman Grifone, who in his turn fell under the avenger's sword. A general massacre followed, the churches were desecrated, and the streets ran with blood. The scene of Atalanta Baglioni bending in the agony of her grief over her dying son is touchingly described by the chroniclers of the day, and must have come back

The Crucifixion. By Raphael. In the possession of L. Mona, Esq.

to Raphael's mind, when at her bidding, six years afterwards, he painted his picture of the Mother of Jesus mourning over her dead son. But, while these scenes of strife and bloodshed were happening without, Perugino's young assistant was busy within the workshop, learning the secrets of the great Umbrian's art. The singular receptiveness of his mind made him the best of scholars. As he had already absorbed all the grace and sincerity of Timoteo's art, so now he surrendered himself wholly to Perugino's influence, and before long imitated his style so closely that, in Vasari's words, it became almost impossible to distinguish his work from that of his master. This is certainly true of the first independent picture which he painted after his arrival at Perugia, *The Crucifixion*, for the Gavari chapel in the Dominican church at Città di Castello. The altar-piece must have been executed in 1501 or early in 1502, before the Vitelli, who reigned in this hill-set town, and were closely allied to the Duke of Urbino, were driven out by Cæsar Borgia. "Raphael Urbinas F." was the signature which the young master placed on the foot of the cross in the centre of the picture, "but for which name," remarks Vasari, "it would certainly have been taken for Perugino's work." The composition is exactly similar to that of *The Crucifixion* which Perugino had lately painted in St. Francesco del Monte at Perugia, and which he has repeated in other renderings of the subject at Siena or in Florence. As in the elder master's work, the cross divides the picture in two equal parts, and the sun and moon and angels, hovering in the air to catch the blood in their cups, are symmetrically arranged to fill up the space between the limbs of the crucifix. The gently sloping hills and slender pines of the landscape, the four isolated figures in the foreground, are all in Perugino's usual style. The *Christ* is copied from *The Crucifixion* which he painted for the Brotherhood of the Calza, the *St. John* from his *Deposition* in the Pitti, the other figures of the Virgin, the Magdalen, and St. Jerome are taken from his altar-pieces in St. Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi. In each instance Raphael has made use of his master's studies, but has inspired them with his own deeper and finer feeling. Their attitudes are less conventional, their movements truer to nature, the way in which the Virgin clasps her hands or the Magdalen lifts her tearful gaze to the cross, speak of genuine love and sorrow. Slight as these changes are, they make us feel the presence

of a new and more intense life, and realise how soon the scholar was to surpass the master at whose feet he sat.

Raphael's next important work was the *Coronation of the Virgin*, now in the Vatican Gallery. This altar-piece was painted in 1502, by order of a widowed lady of the Oddi family, for a chapel which she had endowed in the cathedral-church of Perugia. The design of the upper part, if not

Head of an Angel. Study for the Coronation of the Virgin. By Raphael. British Museum.

actually by Perugino's hand, is evidently borrowed from the noble *Assumption* which he painted about 1500 for the convent of Vallombrosa. Here Christ, throned upon the clouds, and surrounded by a host of tiny cherubs, places the crown on His mother's brow, while four boy-angels play musical instruments at His feet. But in the lower half of the picture, where Perugino had after his wont introduced four single figures of saints, Raphael represents the Apostles standing round the open tomb. Some of

the twelve look down wonderingly into the empty grave, where lilies and roses are blossoming, others turn questioning eyes on their companions, but St. James on the right and St. John on the left lift yearning faces heavenwards, and in the centre of the group St. Thomas, holding the Virgin's girdle in his hands, looks upwards with the same love and longing in his eyes. The whole style of the picture, the black shadows and bright colouring, the shape of the hands and the folds of the drapery, show how closely Raphael had adopted his master's methods. But even here there is a youthful loveliness about his seraphs to which Perugino never attained, and more than one of the studies for the picture, especially the beautiful drawing of the Angel playing the violin in the British Museum, remind us of his old master, Timoteo Viti, while the head of St. James (in the Malcolm Collection) is copied from a drawing by Pinturicchio.

The influence of Perugino is especially apparent in the predella of the *Coronation*. This consists of three subjects—the *Annunciation*, *Presentation in the Temple*, and *Adoration of the Magi*, which are also in the Vatican Gallery. In painting the two first he was able to make use of the similar subjects in the predella of his master's altar-piece at Fano. This he did after his wont, adding some types, altering others, and refining and improving all. The cartoon of the *Annunciation* is now in the Louvre, and that of the *Presentation* at Oxford, while a fine drawing for part of the *Adoration of the Magi* is in the Museum of Stockholm. In all the annals of Italian art there is no more lovely rendering of the old subject than this lowly Virgin seated alone under a stately colonnade of Corinthian pillars, receiving the message of the angel, who, running in with swift, bird-like movement, hails Mary as blessed among women. The long evening shadows fall upon the tessellated squares of the brown marble floor, but, through the columns of the open portico, we see the western sun shining on the valley and the towers of Urbino beyond. In the *Presentation*, of which we have the study at Oxford, the arrangement of the figures, the High Priest standing between Joseph and Mary and bending down to receive the Child, and the font and pillar on which it rests, are faithfully copied from Perugino's predella at Fano, but the smile of the Virgin's face and the action of the Child, who turns in sudden alarm to his mother, are of Raphael's own

invention. The third picture is a more original and animated composition, in which the artist brings the kings from the far east to worship with the shepherds of Bethlehem at the manger throne, and introduces a number of horsemen and spectators, after Pinturicchio's manner, in the background.

In 1502 the invasion of Cæsar Borgia spread terror throughout Romagna. One by one the princes who had opposed his ambitious plans took flight, and the chief cities opened their gates at his approach. Urbino yielded without a blow, and Duke Guidobaldo narrowly escaped with his life. The Baglioni, who had long held sway in Perugia, fled, and the exiled Oddi returned. The general confusion and insecurity may have been one reason which led Perugino to leave his native city and return to Florence in the autumn of this year. In his absence, Raphael now attached himself to the other distinguished artist who, after painting a succession of great works for two Popes and adorning the *Cappella bella* of Spello with another remarkable series of pictures, had lately returned to his native city, and had succeeded Perugino in his office as one of the city priors. Bernardino Betti, commonly called Pinturicchio, or the little painter, from his small stature, and sometimes also *Sordicchio*, because of his deafness, was in many respects the very reverse of Perugino. He worked hard all his life, but never attained wealth or popularity, and was unfortunate alike in his public and private life. He made an unhappy marriage, and had few friends, being, according to Vasari, of a strange and capricious temper. But from the first Raphael seems to have been attracted by the man's genius, and he became fast friends with this artist, who was thirty years his senior. The influence which his new teacher acquired over him, the hold which the Umbrian's picturesque and dramatic conceptions gained upon his imagination, soon became apparent in Raphael's works. He copied Pinturicchio's heads, adopted his types, and caught the peculiarities of his style. The result has been that in many cases the elder master's works have been assigned to the hand of his younger and more famous comrade, and Morelli discovered no less than 118 of Pinturicchio's drawings, in different collections, among the works ascribed to Raphael.

This confusion is partly due to Vasari's assertion that Raphael supplied Pinturicchio with the design of his frescoes in the library at

Siena, and accompanied him to that city in 1504 to assist in their execution. The inaccuracy of this statement, which Morelli calls the pure invention of Sienese municipal vanity, has now been generally recognised. It is, as the same writer remarks, highly improbable that a master of Pinturicchio's age and experience, who had been Court-painter to Pope Alexander VI., should have borrowed designs from a youth who was thirty years his junior, or allowed him to execute an important part of the work. But as a matter of fact, there is no trace of Raphael's hand in the frescoes, nor any evidence that he ever visited Siena. On the contrary, his name is not even mentioned by Sigismondo Tizio, the priest of the parish in which Pinturicchio lived at Siena, who wrote a full and accurate account of the artists that were employed in the decoration of the Cathedral library. Morelli has also dispelled another delusion of comparatively recent invention—the theory which ascribed to Raphael the authorship of a volume of one hundred and six drawings bought by the painter Bossi early in this century. The greater part of these drawings, to which Bossi himself first gave the name of the Venice Sketch-book, are now proved to be the work of Pinturicchio. Among them are not only designs for his frescoes at Siena, but for many of the paintings which he executed in Rome before the birth of Raphael. Others are plainly studies or copies by inferior hands, and of the whole collection, two only are the work of Raphael himself. These two drawings are on a single sheet of paper of different size and texture from the rest of the sketch-book, and are studies of men and horses which he copied at Florence from Lionardo's cartoon of the *Battle of the Standard.*

On the other hand, Raphael, there can be no doubt, availed himself repeatedly of Pinturicchio's designs in the pictures which he painted after Perugino's departure for Florence. Chief among these are two Madonnas in the Berlin Gallery, which are of especial interest as the first paintings of the Virgin and Child that we have from his hand. Two still earlier versions of the subject, however, are to be found among his drawings. These are the little pen-and-ink sketch of the Virgin and Child at Oxford (Braun, No. 10), and a chalk drawing of the Virgin offering the Child a pomegranate, in the Albertina at Vienna. Both of these retain strong marks of Timoteo Viti's influence, and were probably executed in 1500, during the first year of Raphael's residence at Perugia,

if, indeed, the Oxford sketch does not belong to an earlier date. The Child is of the same type as Francia's babies, and the background of lake and towers recalls the plates in the Correr Museum, which Timoteo Viti designed for Isabella d'Este. The Virgin holds an open book before the Child, a favourite motive, which Raphael was to repeat in many different forms during his Umbrian and Florentine period. The *Madonna* of the Albertina is copied from a drawing by Perugino at Berlin, but the face and hands are still fashioned on Timoteo's model, and the expression of the gentle Virgin is of the same character. The reading Madonna of the Solly Collection, now in the Berlin Gallery (141), is, on the contrary, entirely Peruginesque in treatment, and is copied from a drawing by Pinturicchio in the Salle des Boîtes at the Louvre. Here the Virgin's long and narrow face, pursed-up mouth, and hooded drapery are of purely Umbrian type, and the Child holding a finch in his hand exactly resembles Perugino's infants. Of the same date (1502-3), and also taken from a drawing by Pinturicchio in the Albertina, is the Virgin between St. Jerome and St. Francis (145) in the Berlin Gallery. The Madonna turns lovingly to the Child seated on her knee with his hand raised to bless, and on either side, St. Jerome in his cardinal's hat and St. Francis lifting his pierced hands, look on with the tenderly ecstatic air common to Umbrian saints. The shape of the Virgin's face and hands and the gold embroideries of her mantle, the frizzled locks of the Child and the cushion upon which he is seated, are all closely imitated from Pinturicchio.

There is a distinct advance in the third Madonna of this period—the circular panel executed, it may be towards the end of 1503, for the uncle of Domenico Alfani, Raphael's friend and fellow-worker in Perugino's *bottega*. This beautiful little picture is taken from the same design of Perugino which Raphael had already copied in his drawing of the Madonna with the pomegranate. But here he has altered the pomegranate into a book, and changed the position of the Child, who turns over the pages in childish delight. He has removed the nun-like veil from the Virgin's brow to show the hair smoothly braided on each side of her youthful face, and while preserving his master's original design has given us a far sweeter and more natural picture of the Mother and Child than any which Perugino painted. In the background, we have not only the

Raphael Pinx. Walter L. Bolls Dk. Sc.

S. Sebastian.

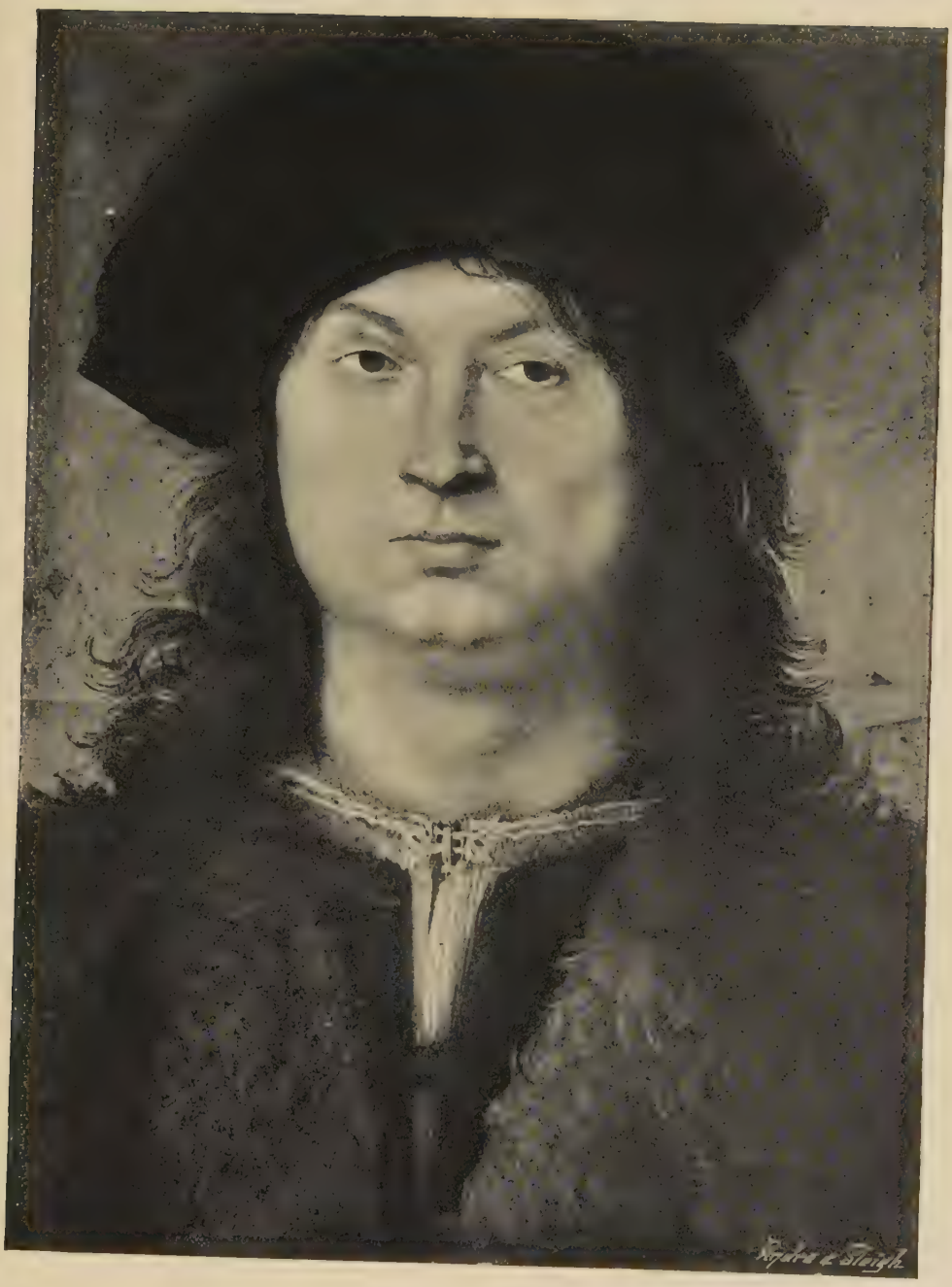
usual landscape of green slopes and slender trees, but a lake with a boat sailing upon its waters and distant hills capped with the first winter's snow. This little work, charmingly composed and painted with gem-like finish and brightness, passed from the heirs of the Alfani to the Conestabile-

The Conestabile Madonna. By Raphael. Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg. From a photograph by Braun, Clément et Cie, by permission.

Staffa family, and was sold in 1871 by Count Scipione Conestabile of Perugia to the late Empress of Russia for the sum of 330,000 francs.

Two other small pictures also belong to this period, and must have been painted about 1503 at Perugia. One is the little *Salvator Mundi*

in the gallery of Brescia, a half-length figure of the risen Christ wearing a crown of green thorns, and raising his pierced hand in blessing, which originally belonged to a family of Pesaro, in the Duchy of Urbino. The other is the *St. Sebastian* bearing a dart in his hand, now in the Bergamo Gallery. The lovely features of the youthful martyr recall the faces of Perugino's Saints and the Evangelist of Raphael's own *Crucifixion*, the rich embroideries of his tunic might have been painted by any Perugian Sartist, but in the mass of the Saint's curling locks and the beauty of his expression we recognise the hand of Raphael. Another noticeable feature which is to be seen in this picture, as well as in the Berlin Madonnas and in the saints and angels of the *Coronation*, is the peculiar formation of the eyeball, and the way in which the iris and pupil are blended together. This peculiarity, which is now recognised as an absolutely crucial test of Raphael's Peruginesque works, is also apparent in the portrait of Perugino that was discovered by Morelli in the Borghese Gallery. This most interesting work came to Rome from Urbino with the *Vision of the Knight* and the *Three Graces*, and, in spite of its distinctly Italian character, was long ascribed to Holbein. Although in bad condition and evidently left unfinished, the portrait is a marvel of vivid and forcible representation. The sitter is a man of about fifty, richly clad in a fur-trimmed suit with white frilling at his throat, and wearing a black cap on his flowing locks of dark-brown hair. The black tunic is only sketchily painted, and the position of the cap has been shifted by the artist himself, during the progress of his work. The features resemble the portrait of Perugino in the hall of the Cambio, and the general character of both face and dress agree with all that we know of this able and prosperous master who painted heavenly faced saints to order, and at the same time had so keen an eye to his worldly interests. Many years ago, an acute critic the late Otto Mündler, pronounced this picture to be the portrait of Perugino by himself, and the present catalogue of the Borghese Gallery ascribes the work to that master. But Perugino never painted a portrait so full of power and vigour, so intensely real and living. The jet-black eyes sparkle with light, the nose and mouth, as Morelli remarked, are more sharply modelled than in Perugino's work, and the hair is treated with true Raphaelesque grace and feeling. The picture may be safely accepted



Portrait of Perugino. By Raphael. In the Borghese Gallery, Rome.
From a photograph by D. Anderson, by permission.

as a youthful work of Raphael, painted either before Perugino's departure in 1502, or during the brief visit which he paid to Perugia, in the autumn of 1503. Both as the portrait of the master with whom he had been so closely connected, and as the first of a long line of masterpieces in this direction, the Borghese picture is of the deepest interest.

Towards the end of 1503, Raphael received orders for two large altar-pieces from the churches of Città di Castello. The death of Alexander VI. had altered the state of affairs in Umbria, the dreaded Borgia had fled, the Vitelli had returned to Città di Castello, the Baglioni to Perugia, and peace was restored to the distracted land. It was then, according to Vasari, that Raphael painted the *Coronation of St. Nicholas of Tolentino* for the Augustinian monks of the hill-set city. This time he made use of a design by Pinturicchio, now in the Musée Wicar, at Lille, in which the saint is represented as trampling upon the devil and crowned by God the Father in the presence of the Virgin and St. Augustine. The subject agrees with a copy of the picture that was made early in the last century, but the original altar-piece was sold by the monks in 1787, to Pope Pius VI., and disappeared during the French invasion of Rome.

The *Sposalizio* which Raphael painted for the Franciscans of Città di Castello was carried off by a French general in 1798, but rescued by Giovanni Sannazzaro of Milan, who bequeathed it to the hospital of that city in 1804. Two years later it was purchased by the State and placed in the Brera Gallery. The marriage of the Virgin had been a favourite theme in Italian art from the days of Giotto and Angelico, but, often as it was seen in predellas and small panels of the life of Mary, it was never the subject of a large altar-piece, until, in 1501, Perugino painted his *Sposalizio* for the Chapel of St. Joseph in the cathedral of Perugia. Here the ring of the Virgin, stolen by a friar from the treasury of Siena, was preserved as a sacred relic and jealously guarded by the brotherhood of St. Joseph, from whom Perugino received the commission. This picture, which had lately left his master's shop, Raphael now took for his model. So closely indeed did he follow the composition that it has been supposed that the Franciscans of Città di Castello desired him to supply them with a copy of the Perugia altar-

piece. The size and the shape of the pictures are exactly similar ; the number of personages introduced, the general arrangement and scheme of colour, are the same in both works. A classical temple occupies the centre of the background, and in front the high priest joins the hands of bride and bridegroom in the presence of the wedding party, a group of six men surrounding Joseph on one side, while as many women of different ages stand round the Virgin on the other. Yet, if we compare the two pictures, the general effect is entirely different. Raphael has, first of all, reversed the position of the bridal pair, and placed the women on the right, the men on the left hand of the priest. He has made the temple smaller, the figures larger, and altered Perugino's octagonal building into a graceful Renaissance structure, recalling Bramante's Tempietto at S. Pietro Montorio of Rome. He has modified the variegated hues of the dresses, and, without subduing their brightness, has brought them into more perfect harmony. He has placed the temple on a higher and broader flight of steps, throwing a softened shadow over the background, and revealing the lovely expanse of distant hill and woodland, on either side. Above all, he has broken up the rigid symmetry of the principal group, and has given both actors and spectators an air of animation and natural grace that is wholly lacking in Perugino's figures. There is more youth and charm about Mary, greater manliness and earnestness in the face of Joseph. The disappointed suitors breaking their rods, and the fair maidens who wait upon the bride, are no longer isolated figures looking idly out of the picture. They are stirred by a common interest and united by one and the same purpose. In a word, Raphael has lifted the whole composition to a higher level, and transformed a dull and formal scene into a picture of the purest beauty and pathos. This, we feel, is the last word that Umbrian art had to say, the highest point of perfection to which it could attain. And yet, strictly speaking, the *Sposalizio* is not the work of an Umbrian painter. As long as Perugino and Pinturicchio were at Raphael's side, he could never wholly free himself from the limitations of their art, but left to himself, he went back unconsciously to his early manner, and drew his hands and faces and laid on his colours in the old way. It is singular how this work, which was directly modelled on an Umbrian pattern, bears more distinct traces of Timoteo Viti's influence than any other that

The Marriage of the Virgin.

Raphael painted during the year which he spent at Perugia. The superiority of his art to that of his master was manifest, and when he wrote "Raphael Urbinas MDIIII." on the cornice of the temple in his picture he must have felt that he had nothing more to learn from Perugino.

When the *Sposalizio* had been finally placed over the high altar

St. George. By Raphael. In the Louvre.

in St. Francesco of Città di Castello, Raphael went back to Urbino to see his friends and spend the summer in his old home. The moment was happily chosen. The storm which had swept over the land had rolled by, the return of the Duke and Duchess had been welcomed by their devoted subjects with tears of joy. The library and most of the works of art which Borgia had carried off as his booty to Rome, had been recovered, the palace resumed its old aspect, and

the old court life was once more lived within its walls. When Raphael reached Urbino, Duke Guidobaldo was absent in Rome. He had been appointed Captain-General of the papal forces by Pope Julius II., and did not reach Urbino until late in the summer. But the good Duchess Elizabeth was acting as regent in her husband's stead, and the young painter was sure of her favour and kindly interest in his career. For her he now painted the little *St. George* of the Louvre, that companion picture to the *St. Michael* which, if Morelli's conjecture is correct, he had painted four or five years before. Like that interesting little work, and like the *Three Graces*, the *St. George* bears strong marks of Ferrarese influence, while in drawing and technique it exhibits a very decided advance. The pen-and-ink sketch in the Uffizi is in the style of Raphael's Peruginesque drawings, but at the same time bears a marked likeness to Francia's early pictures of *St. George* in the Corsini Palace. The hero mounted on his white horse, with plumes and mantle waving on the wind, rides full tilt at the dragon, and lifts his sword to strike the monster dead. On the ground at his feet lie the broken fragments of his red and white lance, and in the landscape behind the captive princess is seen, with outstretched arms, hurrying away from the scene of conflict. The lost picture of *Christ on the Mount of Olives*, which Vasari describes as so admirable a work, and one that was highly prized by the ducal family of Urbino, may have been painted during this visit ; but Guidobaldo's time and thoughts were engaged by his new office, his treasury was exhausted, and the State had not recovered from the ruinous effect of Borgia's invasion.

There seemed no prospect of important artistic undertakings in the Court of Urbino, and Raphael's thoughts were already turned in another direction. That he renewed his old intimacy with Timoteo Viti and worked in his old master's *atelier* is more than probable. The beautiful silver-point study for a Virgin's head from the Malcolm Collection was evidently taken from the same model as Timoteo's drawing, which formerly went by the name of Raphael's sister, and may belong to these days. In that face we already see the germ of the early Florentine Madonnas, of the Granduca and the Cardellino Virgins. But wonderful news came from Florence—of the colossal David which had lately been set up on the public square, of the cartoons for the decoration of the Great Hall upon

which the two great artists Michelangelo and Lionardo were engaged. Perugino himself was there; and his scholar, who may have met Lionardo

Study of a Woman. By Timoteo Viti. In the Malcolm Collection.

when he came to Perugia two years before in the service of Cæsar Borgia, and had certainly seen Michelangelo's famous Cupid in the palace

of Urbino, longed to mingle in that august company and have a share in these great works. Before long, the opportunity which he sought presented itself. In September, the Duke arrived from Rome, followed by a brilliant train, bringing with him his widowed sister Giovanna della Rovere and her young son Francesco, who had succeeded his father as Prefect of Rome, and was commonly known as Il Prefettino. On the 14th, a splendid ceremony was held in the cathedral, when the Papal Nuncio solemnly delivered the bâton of Captain-General of the Holy See into Guidobaldo's hands. This was followed, four days later, by a still more imposing function, when the Duke recognised his young nephew Francesco della Rovere, the son of Pope Julius's brother, as his adopted heir, and his subjects in turn swore fealty to their future lord. Meanwhile Raphael was graciously received by the Prefetessa, as Giovanna della Rovere was called, for the sake of his dead father. She remembered how, long ago, Giovanni Santi had painted an Annunciation for her at Sinigaglia, to commemorate the birth of her son on the 25th of March 1490, and, hearing of Raphael's wish to visit Florence, she addressed the following letter to the Ganfaloniere of that city :—

"To the High and Magnificent Lord and Most Honoured Father, Pier Soderini, Gonfaloniere of Florence.—The bearer of this letter will be Raphael, painter of Urbino, who being endowed with natural talent for his profession has decided to spend some time in Florence, in order to study art. And since his father was a very excellent man and dear to me, and the son is a discreet and gentle youth, I am very fond of him, and wish him to attain to perfection. I therefore recommend him most earnestly to your lordship, and beg you, for my sake, to give him your help and favour on every occasion, and whatever services and kindness your lordship may show him, I shall consider as rendered to myself, and shall esteem this to be the greatest favour on the part of your lordship, to whom I now commend myself.

"Giovanna Felicia Feltria della Rovere,
"*Duchessa di Sora, Prefetessa di Roma.*

"Urbino, 1 *Oct.* 1504."

The genuineness of this letter has been disputed by some writers because Bottari, who first published it in the last century, gave a mistaken

reading of the MS., which made it appear that Giovanni Santi was alive when the letter was written. But, as the last editor of Vasari, Professor Milanesi, has pointed out, the word which Bottari gives as *so* (*il padre*

Madonna. From a Drawing by Raphael. In the Malcolm Collection.

suo) was no doubt *fo*, the Umbrian form of *fù* (was), and the sentence in which Giovanna speaks of Raphael's father, is in the past and not in the present tense. The actual MS. belonged to a valuable Florentine

collection of autograph letters, including several from Pier Soderini himself and the Medici, which were put up to auction at a sale in Paris, in January 1856. On this occasion Giovanna della Rovere's letter was sold for two hundred francs, and the contents were fully described in the catalogue of the auction at the Salle Sylvestre. The present owner of the letter is unknown, but there seems no sufficient reason for disputing the authenticity of a document which agrees with both the date of Raphael's first visit to Florence, and with those frequent allusions to the ducal family, and more especially to Giovanna della Rovere and her son, that we find in the painter's own letters. But, whether the letter of the Prefetessa is genuine or not, there can be no doubt that, towards the close of 1504, Raphael came to Florence.

PART III

FLORENCE

1504—1508

Raphael's first visit to Florence—His friends and patrons—Studies of Lionardo and Michelangelo—Portraits of the Doni—Early Madonnas—Works at Perugia—Ansidei and Sant' Antonio Madonnas—Fresco of San Severo—Visit to Urbino—Castiglione, Bembo, and the Ducal Court—The St George at St. Petersburg—Second group of Madonnas—The Entombment—Letter to his uncle—Last works of the Florentine period.

"In Florence, more than in any other city, men become perfect in all the arts, especially in that of painting. There the fine air makes men naturally quick to praise and blame, prompt to see what is good and beautiful, unwilling to tolerate mediocrity. The keen struggle for life sharpens the wits, and the love of glory is stirred in the hearts of men of every profession." Such, according to Vasari, were the words in which Perugino's old Umbrian master urged him to seek his fortunes in Florence. And now the same impulse drew his still more gifted scholar to the banks of Arno, and at the age of twenty-one Raphael came to Florence, as a learner, in the words of his patroness—*per imparare*. The moment was a memorable one. Never, even in the Magnifico Lorenzo's days, had so brilliant a company of artists met together within the city walls, as that which assembled in January 1504, to decide on the site of Michelangelo's David. Among the architects present on that occasion were Cronaca and the brothers Sangallo; among the sculptors, Andrea della Robbia and Sansovino; among the painters, Cosimo Roselli, Sandro Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Piero di Cosimo, Lorenzo di Credi, Pietro Perugino, and Lionardo da Vinci. All of these were still living when Raphael came to Florence, with the single

exception of Filippino, who had died of an acute attack of *angina pectoris*, on the 18th of April, leaving his *Deposition* for the church of the Servi Brothers to be finished by Perugino. The presence of so many illustrious masters naturally provoked that generous spirit of rivalry which, Vasari assures us, was generated by the pure air of Florence. Great works were produced amidst the enthusiastic applause not only of the artists but of the whole city. Lionardo's cartoon of the *Holy Family* had hardly been finished when the Servi friars threw open their convent doors and allowed the people to come in and see the wonderful work with their own eyes. "During two days," we read, "the hall was thronged with men and women of every rank and age—such a concourse, in short, as we see flocking to the most solemn festivals, all hastening to behold the marvel wrought by Lionardo."

The sight of Florence itself—of that dome which had as yet no rival, of the palaces and churches which lined the streets, of the frescoes that filled chapels and convent-cells with light and colour, of Della Robbia's blue-and-white Madonnas and angels shining down above the crowded market-place and in the quiet corners of side alleys—might well delight Raphael's soul. The city and the works of art he saw there, says Vasari, alike seemed divine to him, and he asked nothing better than to take up his abode there, and spend the rest of his days at Florence.

He went everywhere and saw everything. His quick eye took note of each different object in this new and wonderful world, and his hand recorded countless forms and shapes which he could never have dreamt of in his Umbrian days. He lingered in the dim chapel of the Carmine until he knew every figure in Masaccio's works by heart, he studied Ghirlandajo's heads and Donatello's marbles, and made careful drawings of Michelangelo's David on sheets which may still be seen in the British Museum. But it was Lionardo above all others who attracted him by the science and beauty of his art. "He stood dumb," Vasari tells us, "before the grace of his figures, and thought him superior to all other masters. In fact, the style of Lionardo pleased him better than any which he had ever seen, and, leaving the manner of Pietro, he endeavoured with infinite pains to imitate the art of Lionardo. From having been a master, he once more became a pupil. At the same

time, Michelangelo's mastery of the human frame made a profound impression upon his mind, and he applied himself with ardour to learn

Group in the Venice Sketch book, from Lionardo's Battle of the Standard. By Raphael.

the principles of anatomy. Night and day he devoted himself to the task, and studied the structure of the body, the movement and fore-

shortening of limbs, and connection of nerves and muscles, with such unwearied industry, that in a few months he learnt what others acquire in the space of years."

The letter of La Prefetessa does not seem to have brought him any commission from the Gonfaloniere, who had already the two greatest living painters in his service, and many other excellent artists awaiting his commands. But the recommendations of his Urbino friends and the influence of his master Perugino—above all, his own charming nature, brought him many friends, and made him a general favourite in artistic circles. He was a frequent visitor at the shop of the distinguished architect Baccio d'Agnolo, where artists of every age and rank met on winter evenings to discuss problems connected with their craft. All the well-known painters and sculptors in Florence were to be seen at these gatherings in turn, and sometimes, although rarely, the great Michelangelo himself would look in. But since he had lately quarrelled with Lionardo, and had been summoned before a court of justice to explain the abusive language which he had used of Perugino, openly calling him "*goffo nell'arte*," his presence may have inspired more awe than pleasure among his younger comrades. Of the youths whom Raphael met at Baccio d'Agnolo's shop or worked with in the Brancacci chapel, Ridolfo Ghirlandajo and Sebastiano Sangallo were his chief friends. The former was the son of the great painter who had lately died, and, like Raphael, had declared himself to be an ardent admirer of Lionardo. The latter was a first-rate draughtsman, whose gay temper and witty sayings had earned for him the nickname of Aristotile. But the young painter from Urbino was soon to form a still closer friendship with a master of a very different type, the gentle and serious Baccio della Porta, who five years before, in his grief at the death of Savonarola, had left the world to take the vows of the Dominican order, and was now a friar of S. Marco. That magnificent fresco of the *Last Judgment*, which, in the darkest hour of his despair at the loss of his beloved master, he had painted in the hospital of S. Maria Nuova, made a powerful impression on Raphael's mind and exerted a marked influence on his future work. The painter of that noble fresco, now known as Fra Bartolommeo, had lately taken up his brush again, and was at work on an altar-piece for the Badia. Ere long Raphael became his intimate friend, and learnt from him the secrets of the fine

Angelo Doni. By Raphael. Pitti Gallery, Florence.
From a photograph by Braun, Clement et Cie., by permission.

colour and modelling which were the charm of the Frate's pictures. Among the visitors who came to Baccio d'Agnolo's gatherings was Taddeo Taddei, a wealthy Florentine of cultivated tastes, who corresponded with Bembo and was a liberal patron of the fine arts. Baccio d'Agnolo had built him a palace in the Via de' Ginori, and Michelangelo had carved one of his finest Holy Families for him in stone. Taddeo soon made friends with Raphael, and was never happy unless the young painter were in his house and at his table. And Raphael, writes Vasari, "who was the most amiable of men (*ch' era la gentilezza stessa*), not to be outdone in courtesy, painted two pictures for him, which Taddeo valued among his most precious treasures." "Show all honour to Taddeo, of whom we have so often spoken," wrote the painter to his uncle Simone, when his friend was about to visit Urbino, "for there is no man living to whom I am more deeply indebted." Another noble Florentine who shared Raphael's intimacy was Lorenzo Nasi, afterwards one of the City priors. Either of these friends may have recommended him to the wealthy merchant Agnolo Doni, one of the most discerning and at the same time one of the most niggardly lovers of pictures in Florence. This cautious personage, whose palace was a museum of antique and contemporary art, had lately bought Michelangelo's famous *Holy Family* of the Tribune, after wrangling with Buonarotti for months over the price. Now in his anxiety to obtain good pictures at the lowest possible price, he employed the young painter from Urbino, who was as yet little known in Florence, to paint his own portrait and that of his wife, a lady of the Strozzi family. Both of these portraits, which hang to-day in the Pitti Gallery, are admirable examples of Raphael's close and faithful study of life. They are painted with the same minute attention to detail, the same anxious rendering of each single hair, that we note in the Borghese portrait. The wealthy merchant in his black damask suit and red sleeves, with refined features and keen anxious gaze, his staid, richly dressed wife in her blue brocades and jewelled necklace, well satisfied with herself and all the world, are living types of their class. Yet in the form of the pictures, in the pose of Maddalena Doni's head and of her placidly folded hands, we are conscious of a new influence. If from the picture we turn to the pen-and-ink sketch in the Louvre, we see at a glance that Lionardo's *Mona Lisa* was

Maddalena Doni. By Raphael. Pitti Gallery, Florence.
From a photograph by Alinari, by permission.

in Raphael's mind when he painted Maddalena Doni's portrait. The cut of the dress, the ripple of the hair, the very folds of the bodice are exactly copied from that famous picture, which Raphael must have seen in Francesco Giocondo's house at Florence. Only instead of Lionardo's rock landscape, he has sketched a view of Umbrian hills and Urbino towers, framed in between the columns of an open loggia. There is, we must confess, a charm in the drawing which is lacking in the picture. This maiden with the dreamy eyes and youthful face was the painter's ideal; the other was the actual woman, Maddalena Doni, the rich merchant's wife, a subject, it may be, not very much to his taste, but none the less to be painted with perfect accuracy and truth.

But Raphael's dreams and studies were soon to bear richer fruit. The earliest, and in some ways the most perfect of that long series of Madonnas that were the glory of his second period, belong to the first year which he spent in Florence. The chronological arrangement of Raphael's Madonnas has been attempted, but not yet finally accomplished, by many writers, and still remains a matter of uncertainty. But we may safely assume the Madonna del Granduca to have been one of the first which the artist painted after he came to Florence in 1504. We know nothing of its origin or history. It may have been the picture which he painted for the Prefetessa or one of the two Virgins, which Vasari tells us, were ordered by Duke Guidobaldo. All we know is that this Madonna was found in the last century in the house of a poor widow, and that in 1799 it was bought by the Grand Duke Ferdinand III., who would never part from it again, and carried it about with him on all his journeys. But one thing is certain : when Raphael painted this picture, the face of the Virgin with the downcast eyes which he had drawn in Timoteo's *atelier* at Urbino was still in his mind. With that vision before his eyes, he drew the sketch now in the Uffizi, taking for his model this time some Tuscan peasant-girl whom he had seen with her babe on her arm. Then he painted the beautiful picture on the dark-green panel, with no thought in his head but simply that of mother and child. Nothing could well be simpler or more natural. The child rests on his mother's arm, and his little hands stray over her neck in perfect trust and safety. The Virgin stands directly facing us, wearing a blue mantle without gilding or ornament, and a transparent veil over her fair hair. The whole beauty of the

picture lies in the serene peace of the Maid-mother's face, in the calm features and downcast eyes that tell of a deeper bliss and a diviner hope than mortals dream of here. "Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."

Closely linked with the Virgin of the Granduca is the Casa Tempi Madonna. This picture was seen by Cinelli in 1677, after which it was lost sight of for many years, and was eventually found by a doctor of the family, covered with dust and dirt, in a forgotten corner. It was bought in 1829, by King Ludwig of Bavaria, for 16,000 scudi, and is now in the Old Pinacothek of Munich. Although in a bad state of preservation, and sadly disfigured by the restorer's hand, this Casa Tempi Madonna still retains much of its original charm. In this mother and child meeting in fond embrace, Raphael has set the very ideal of maternal love before our eyes. The Virgin is represented standing up and clasping the child in her arms. She wears a blue mantle over a red bodice and sleeves, a light veil on her hair, and a gold-striped handkerchief round her shoulders. Her face is turned to the right, and she is about to press a kiss on the face of the eager child, who raises his face to hers.

The Orleans Madonna, once in the possession of Louis the Fourteenth's brother, and now, after many vicissitudes, restored to his descendant the Duc d'Aumale, is generally supposed to have been painted for Duke Guidobaldo, since it agrees with the following entry in the inventory of the Urbino Gallery: "A little picture of a Madonna with Christ in her arms on wood by Raphael." The description, however, might apply equally to either of the two last-named pictures, or to the Cowper Madonna. The Virgin is seated in her lowly chamber, and bends tenderly over the child, who, resting one foot on her right hand and holding on with both hands to the hem of her bodice, looks round with a beaming face. A dark-red curtain hangs on the wall behind, and a row of jars and pots and wine-flask stand on the shelf above. It might be some Tuscan cottage-home, where a young peasant-mother is nursing her first-born child. The same strong and joyous Child, the same Virgin with the yellow hair and gold-threaded veil, meet us in the little picture at Panshanger, bought by Lord Cowper when he was Minister at Florence at the end of the last century. But here the Virgin is seated in the open air, and the sun shines on a well-known scene in the neighbourhood

The Casa Tempi Madonna. By Raphael. Old Pinacothek, Munich.
From a photograph by Hanfstängl and Co., by permission.

of Florence—the hill of San Miniato with its tall cypresses, and the cupola and campanile of Cronaca's newly built church, *la bella villanella* which Michelangelo loved. There is, perhaps, more actual charm and beauty in this youthful Madonna and in the smiling child who clings with both arms about her neck, than in any other of Raphael's Virgins. Often as he repeated the same subject in his later Florentine days, endless and varied as are the changes which he was to ring on the old theme, he never surpassed these four Madonnas. In their ideal loveliness and human tenderness they bear witness to the close study of nature which was one great result of his Florentine experiences. As we turn over those sheets covered with countless sketches of mothers and children, which are still to be seen in the Albertina or the British Museum, we feel that the sight of Lionardo's cartoons, of Michelangelo's and Fra Bartolommeo's great works, has not been in vain. He has gone nearer to nature, and has learnt the lesson which she has to teach. And in the light of the new learning, the old has lost its charm. He has forgotten Perugino, and put away Umbrian things.

But while Raphael was scaling new heights at Florence, his presence was much desired at Perugia, and in the autumn of 1505 he returned there to execute several important commissions. The nuns of Monte Luce, a convent of Poor Clares, outside the town, desirous of placing a picture of the Assumption above the high altar of their chapel, consulted the leading citizens of Perugia as to the choice of an artist, and were advised by them, as well as by certain Franciscan friars who knew his work, to employ "Maestro Raphaello da Urbino, the best painter of the day." The contract, we learn from the convent records, was signed on the 23rd of December 1505, when the factor of the community paid Raphael thirty gold ducats in advance. But other engagements took up the painter's time, and he never did more than make a preliminary sketch for the picture which he had agreed to paint. The years went by, and still the poor nuns waited in vain, until at length, in despair of ever obtaining a work from Raphael's hand, they agreed, in 1517, to a fresh arrangement, and allowed their altar-piece to be painted by his pupils Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni.

Among the works which he now pledged himself to execute at Perugia was the altar-piece for the family chapel of the Ansidei, in the

Church of St. Fiorenzo, and the *Madonna and Saints* for the nuns of St. Antony of Padua. Both these pictures are now in London. The *Ansidei Madonna* was bought from the priests of St. Fiorenzo in 1764 by Gavin Hamilton for the third Duke of Marlborough, on condition of supplying a copy in place of the original, and sold by the late Duke in 1885, to the Trustees of the National Gallery for £70,000. The *Madonna of Sant' Antonio* was sold by the nuns, in 1677, to pay their debts, and, after passing through the hands of the Colonna family and the late King of Naples, has of late years been lent to the South Kensington Museum by its present owner, the Duke of Castro. The composition of both works follows the favourite Umbrian tradition : in both the Virgin sits enthroned under a lofty canopy, wearing the same gold-embroidered mantle falling in heavy folds from her head to her feet. But in both instances, in the execution of the picture, in the figures of the Virgin and Child, and the forms and attitudes of the attendant saints, we see the influence of Raphael's Florentine studies.

This is already evident in the fine pen-and-ink drawing for the Ansidei Virgin at the Städel Institute, Frankfort, copied as it is from a sketch which Pinturicchio had made for a Madonna at Spello. In Raphael's picture the motive is still further modified. He has changed the attitude of the child, who, instead of raising his hand in blessing, looks down at the open book on his mother's knee, and has given the Virgin's countenance a youthful beauty and simplicity akin to his Florentine Madonnas. If St. John the Baptist, who stands on the left of the throne, holding a crystal crozier in his hand, and wearing a crimson mantle edged with gold over his camel's-hair garb, recalls Perugino's saints, the venerable figure of St. Nicholas of Bari, in his jewelled cope and mitre, is modelled with all the truth and freedom of Raphael's later style. The date inscribed on the hem of the Virgin's mantle has been differently read by almost every writer. Passavant and Kugler, Sir Charles Eastlake and Sir Henry Layard, give it as 1505 ; Crowe and Cavalcaselle, as 1506 ; Minghetti, as 1507. There can however be little doubt that the picture was chiefly painted during Raphael's visit to Perugia in 1505–6, but not finally completed until a later period. The *Ansidei Madonna* is in a far better state of preservation than most of Raphael's

The Ansidei Madonna. By Raphael. From the Picture in the National Gallery.

works, and bears few traces of inferior workmanship. This is more than can be said for the *Madonna di Sant' Antonio.* A split in the panel two centuries ago caused part of the surface to scale off, and the picture has suffered severely from injudicious cleaning and re-painting, while the hand of assistants is clearly visible in the lunette of *God the Father*, as well as in some parts of the draperies. But we recognise Raphael's art in the central group, alike in the little St. John pressing forward to adore the Child, and in the gentle Virgin bending down to lay her hand upon his shoulder. Both children are clothed, the Christ in a white tunic and blue mantle, the little Baptist in camel-hair shirt and green and purple robes, because, in Vasari's words, "those simple and pious women, the nuns, willed it so." The Virgin-saints Catherine and Cecilia, who stand on either side, crowned with roses and bearing the palm of martyrdom, and their companions the Apostles Peter and Paul, recall Fra Bartolommeo's style so forcibly, that Morelli was inclined to assign the picture to 1507 or 1508. But, like the *Ansidei Madonna*, the *Virgin of Sant' Antonio* was probably begun in 1505 or 1506, and completed, with the help of assistants, at a later date. There is certainly no trace of Raphael's own hand in the predella of these pictures. The *Preaching of St. John the Baptist*, that formerly belonged to the Ansidei altar-piece, the *Christ bearing His Cross*, that is now Lord Windsor's property, but which, together with its companion subjects of the *Pietà* and *Christ on the Mount of Olives*, once formed the predella of the *Madonna di Sant' Antonio*, are clearly the work of some second-rate Perugian artist who served as Raphael's assistant.

The round panel long in the possession of the Duke of Terranuova, and bought, in 1859, by Frederick William IV. of Prussia for the Berlin Gallery, may also have been painted during this visit to Perugia. Here Raphael again availed himself of a Peruginesque motive, and borrowed his idea of the *Child showing St. John a Scroll*, with the words Ecce Agnus Dei, from a drawing by his master, also at Berlin. But his treatment of the subject shows how far he had left his old teacher behind him. The youthful loveliness and natural movement of Mother and Child, the rocky landscape, the very shape of the picture, are fashioned on Florentine models, and recall the marble roundels of Desiderio or Mino da Fiesole and Michelangelo's *Doni Madonna.* One

more important work, the fresco of the *Trinity* in the Carmelite convent of San Severo, bears the date of 1505, and must have been painted before Raphael left Perugia in the following spring. This work, which is of especial interest as the forerunner of the Vatican frescoes, has suffered terribly from cleaning and restoration. The upper part, containing a figure of God the Father in glory, is practically destroyed, and the lower portion has been entirely painted over. But enough remains to show us the original grandeur of the design. The figure of Christ throned upon the clouds is exactly copied from Fra Bartolommeo's fresco of the *Last Judgment.* So too are the majestic forms of the saints seated in a half-circle on either side, whose noble heads and flowing draperies show how closely the painter had studied Lionardo's types. Having reached this point, Raphael left Perugia without completing the work or painting the row of Camaldoli worthies who were to occupy the space on the lower part of the walls. In vain the good fathers waited, like the nuns of Monte Luce, hoping that the painter would some day come back to finish his fresco. Not till they heard that Raphael was dead would they allow another to complete his work. Then they employed Perugino to paint the missing figures, and the failing hand of the aged master finished the fresco which his scholar had begun in the prime of his genius.

It has always been assumed, on the authority of Passavant, that Raphael went to Urbino in the spring of 1506. There is no actual record of this visit, but it is certain that during the years which he spent in Florence (1504–1508) he frequently visited his old home, and painted several pictures at the Court of Urbino. The allusion to the ducal family in his letters to his uncle, his grief at the death of Guidobaldo, and the fact that he bought a house at Urbino about this time, all support the old tradition that he spent some months at Urbino before his return to Florence in 1506. These were the most brilliant days of the ducal Court, the days which live for ever in the pages of the *Cortigiano*, when the most polished scholars and finest gentlemen of the day met within the palace walls and wrote sonnets and acted pastoral plays in the presence of the Duke and Duchess. Then Elizabeth herself sang verses from the Æneid to the music of her lute, and talked of art and love with Madonna Emilia and Bembo, with Canossa

and Castiglione, till the short hours of the summer night were gone and the dawn broke over the peaks of Monte Catria. Raphael may have been there that carnival time, when Castiglione's play was acted before the Court, and his friendship with that accomplished gentleman may date from that spring-time. We know that he was often at Court, that he painted portraits of the Duke and of Castiglione himself, and made a chalk drawing of Bembo, which the Cardinal counted among the choicest treasures of his house at Padua. And tradition says that he painted a portrait of the peerless Duchess Elizabeth for her devoted knight Castiglione, who wrote impassioned verses in her praise, and kept the picture of a *bellissima e principalissima Signora*, by the hand of Raphael of Urbino, to his dying day. All of these are lost, and of the many portraits that Raphael painted at Urbino, the only one remaining is his own picture, which was brought to Rome from his old home in 1588, and is now in the Uffizi. There we see him as he was at three-and-twenty, with brown eyes, long locks of chestnut hair, and a singularly youthful and gentle face. The beautiful features are almost womanly in their charm, the dark eyes are full of poetry, and the black felt cap, the doublet edged with white, and quiet green background, all help to give the same impression of refinement and simplicity. He is already a great master, "the best painter in the land," as the nuns of Monte Luce know, but still as gentle and modest a youth as in the days when he worked in Timoteo's shop. He has kept the sweet and joyous nature that was the charm of his boyhood; "jealous of none, kindly to all, always ready to leave his own work to help another," he is still a favourite with great and small, as welcome a guest in the palace of Urbino, or in Baccio's shop at Florence, as he will be one day among cardinals and princes in Rome.

Among the other pictures which Raphael painted for the Duke of Urbino, the only one to which we can point with certainty is the *St. George and the Dragon* in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. This second version of the legend differs in several respects from the *St. George* of the Louvre, and the fine drawing in the Uffizi shows a marked advance on his former conception. The position of horse and rider is reversed, and instead of charging towards us they are seen from behind. The hero gallops past at full speed on his fiery white horse, and rising in his

Raphael Portrait

Braun, Clément & Cie. Ph. Sc.

Portrait of Raphael.

stirrups, drives his spear through the dragon's coils. In the background, overgrown with bushes, is the cavern where the monster dwelt, and on the other side we see the rescued princess on her knees thanking Heaven for

St. George and the Dragon. From a drawing by Raphael in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

her deliverance. The name *Raphello U.* is written on the charger's blue and gold harness, and St. George himself wears the riband of the Garter with the word *Honi*, on his knee. This finely coloured and spirited little

picture was evidently painted to commemorate Duke Guidobaldo's admission into the ranks of this illustrious order. The insignia of the Garter, which had been conferred on his father, Duke Federigo, and was now bestowed on Guidobaldo, by Henry VII., was presented to the Duke by the Abbot of Glastonbury and Sir Gilbert Talbot, when they were sent to Rome, in June 1504, to congratulate Pope Julius II. on his election in the name of the English monarch. The newly elected knight proudly wore his Garter on the next St. George's Day, and held high festival on the 23rd of April, at Urbino. It was customary for foreign princes on whom this honour was conferred to send an ambassador to England, within the next year, to be installed in his master's place. Castiglione was selected, as early as March 1505, for this mission, but did not finally set out for England until September 1506. After much care and deliberation, the Duke chose three fine chargers of the famous Urbino breed, and various other costly presents, and gave them to his messenger to lay before the King of England. Among these, it has always been supposed, was Raphael's picture of St. George, which is now at St. Petersburg. That a St. George painted by Raphael's hand was in Henry the Eighth's collection of pictures is no doubt true, but the following description, from the Inventory of works of art at Westminster Palace, taken at the time of that monarch's death, cannot apply to the Hermitage picture :—

"126. Item. A table with the picture of St. George, his spear being broken and his sword in his hand." [1]

The words exactly describe the first St. George, painted, it is supposed, about 1504, for the Duke of Urbino, and now in the Louvre. In that picture the Saint is armed with a sword, and the fragments of his shattered spear lie on the ground at his horse's feet, while in Raphael's second version of the subject, St. George's sword is in his sheath and he slays the dragon with his spear. There can be little doubt that it was the Louvre picture which Castiglione presented to Henry VII. on his master's behalf, in November 1506, and that in its stead Raphael painted the second St. George, which remained in the palace at Urbino as a memorial of the Garter bestowed upon the Duke. This may have been the St. George by Raphael which Lomazzo saw in 1548 in Milan, and which is

[1] Harleian MS. 1419, in the British Museum.

The Madonna del Prato. By Raphael. Belveaere Gallery, Vienna.

mentioned by Passavant as belonging to M. de la Noue and M. de Sourdis, but in any case it came during the last century, into the Crozat Collection, from which it was finally bought by the Empress Catherine II. of Russia. Henry the Eighth's *St. George*, on the other hand, after being described in Van der Doort's catalogue of the Whitehall pictures as "Raphael's *St. George*, a little picture," was sold after Charles the First's execution for the sum of £150. It was bought by Cardinal Mazarin, one of the chief purchasers at the royal sale, and passed from his collection into the Louvre.

If Raphael was still at Urbino in September 1506, he must have seen Pope Julius II., as he stopped there on his way to conquer Bologna, and witnessed the splendid festivities with which that warlike pontiff was received by the Duke and Duchess. But before the end of the autumn he was back at Florence, where, Vasari tells us, he once more devoted himself with incredible ardour to the study of art. The cartoons of Lionardo and Michelangelo were now exposed to public view in the Council Hall, and Raphael was among the crowd of artists who flocked to the Palazzo Vecchio to study these masterpieces, which created such an extraordinary sensation, and became, in Benvenuto Cellini's words, "the school of the whole world." While his friend Bastiano Sangallo copied Michelangelo's *Soldiers bathing in the Arno*, Raphael drew these masterly groups of soldiers and horsemen fighting for the flag, from Lionardo's *Battle of the Standard*, which are preserved in the Venice Sketch-book. But the frescoes of the Great Hall were never painted, for Michelangelo had been summoned to Rome, and Lionardo had thrown up the work in disgust, after painting a single group upon the walls, and was gone to Milan. Perugino had also left Florence, where his art was no longer as popular as in past days, and soon afterwards went to Rome. But Fra Bartolommeo remained to welcome his friend back, and with him Raphael lived during the next two years, on terms of the closest intimacy. The Dominican painter's influence is strongly marked in the pyramidal arrangement and colouring of the group of Madonnas which Raphael painted immediately after his return to Florence in 1506. Foremost among these was the *Madonna del Prato*, which he painted for Taddeo Taddei, and which was sold by his friend's descendants to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, after whose

The Madonna del Cardellino. By Raphael. Pitti Gallery, Florence.
From a photograph by Alinari, by permission.

death it passed, with the rest of the Schloss Ambras Collection, into the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. The Virgin, seated on a stone bench in a flowery meadow, looks down with the sweetest of smiles on the child standing on the grass at her feet, and gently guides his steps, as he receives a cross of reeds from the hands of the kneeling St. John. The same grouping is repeated in the *Madonna del Cardellino*, which Raphael painted in the same year as a wedding present for Lorenzo Nasi, who had doubtless seen and admired Taddeo's picture. Only here the action of the children is more playful, and instead of the cross, the boy Baptist places a goldfinch in the hands of his companion, while the Virgin turns from the book that lies open before her, to watch their happy faces. Unfortunately this picture, which Lorenzo Nasi treasured "both on account of its rare excellence and of the great love that he bore to Raphael," was broken to pieces, thirty years later, in an earthquake which destroyed the Nasi *palazzo*. The fragments were carefully put together again, and the *Madonna del Cardellino*, as all the world knows, is now one of the gems of the Pitti Gallery. A third picture in a similar style, commonly called *La Belle Jardinière*, was painted in 1507, and bought by Francis I. from Filippo Sergardi of Siena. Here the Virgin is resting in a fair garden, full of flowers and bushes, and looks down with an expression of infinite tenderness at the child, whose face is lifted in eager questioning to hers, while St. John kneels reverently at her feet. This picture is generally supposed to be the one which Vasari mentions as having been finished by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, who painted the Virgin's blue mantle, after Raphael had left Florence. But it is doubtful if the picture to which Vasari alludes may not have been the Colonna Virgin, at Berlin, which was painted later, and clearly executed by an inferior hand.

These three pictures—the Cardellino, Prato, and Louvre Madonnas—rank among Raphael's most perfect creations. In all three the Virgin's face is full of charm, the children are animated by the same free and natural movement, and the landscape is of the same rich and varied description. Tall pines and distant lakes, still waters sleeping in the shadow of blue mountains, heights crowned with castles and bell-towers adorn the background, and bear witness to Raphael's delight in the beauty of the natural world. The flowers and grasses of the

La Belle Jardinière. By Raphael. In the Louvre.
From a photograph by Braun, Clément et Cie, by permission.

foreground, the very weeds and rushes, are painted with loving care and accuracy. We watch the fleecy white clouds floating across the sky, and the dim haze that rests on the hills through the summer day. Often the scenery recalls the Tuscan Apennines in the neighbourhood of Florence. In the Cardellino Madonna, for instance, we have a picturesque valley, such as you may see in the mountainous district at Vallombrosa or La Vernia, with a single arched bridge spanning the torrent, on the one hand, and on the other, the Duomo and Campanile of Giotto.

The bride of Lorenzo Nasi, who received this fair wedding gift from Raphael, was Sandra Canigiani, and it was for a member of her family that the Canigiani Madonna at Munich was originally painted. This picture afterwards became the property of the Medici, and was given as a wedding present to Anne de' Medici, daughter of Cosimo III., when she married the Elector Palatine. Here St. Joseph is introduced, leaning on his staff and looking down on a group composed of the Virgin and Child, St. John, and his mother St. Elizabeth, an aged and toothless matron in the style of Andrea del Sarto. The different expression of the heads is finely given, but the formal effect of the whole has been increased by the removal of the choir of angels in the sky, and the rest of the picture has been much damaged by clumsy restoration. The name "Raphael Urbinas" may still be read on the hem of the Virgin's bodice, but his assistants probably had a share in the work. There is far more charm in the *Madonna with the Lamb* at Madrid, sadly as this too has suffered from time and repainting. There the child sits astride on the back of a lamb, and throws both arms round its neck, a motive clearly derived from Lionardo, but carried out with true Raphaelesque grace. The landscape, with its distant lake and castle towers, its road winding up the heights, and flight of birds across the sky, is painted with exquisite finish. The date, 1507, is inscribed on the Madrid picture. To the same year we may assign the Bridgewater Madonna, formerly in the Orleans Collection. A sheet of charming studies, in Raphael's most delicate silver-point drawing, representing children in varied attitudes, is preserved in the British Museum, and bears witness to the pains which he bestowed upon the preparation of this work. The painter has once more gone back to his old conception, and has given us only two figures in the picture. The Virgin is of the same type as the Cardellino Madonna, but the free-

dom of the drawing and lively action of the child, turning round to seize his mother's veil, point to a later date. Meanwhile the greater part of Raphael's time and thoughts were devoted to the preparation of another and more important work.

Before leaving Perugia in 1506 he received a commission from Atalanta Baglioni, the widowed mother of the murdered Grifone, to paint an altar-piece of the Entombment for a chapel which she had endowed in the Cathedral of that city. According to Vasari, Raphael first executed the cartoon in Florence, and finally completed the picture at Perugia in 1507. This commission was in some respects the most important which he had yet received, and the ardour with which he applied himself to his task shows how anxious he was to produce a masterpiece worthy of the occasion. The numerous and varied studies which are still to be seen in the Uffizi, the Louvre, the British Museum, the University galleries at Oxford, the Albertina, Habich, and Malcolm collections, bear witness to the immense amount of thought and labour which Raphael bestowed upon the subject. The natural difference and timidity of his nature prompted him, as before, to seek the help of other men's ideas, and he borrowed one figure after another from familiar versions of the same theme. First of all he took the pathetic *Pietà* that Perugino had painted for the nuns of Santa Chiara, in Florence, as his model, and represented the dead Christ in his mother's arms, wept over by his sorrowing disciples, in a series of studies at Oxford, and one fine drawing in the Louvre. Here the figure of St. John, standing apart and clasping his hands in an agony of despair, was borrowed from Mantegna's famous print of the Entombment. In another study (in the Gay Collection) the Magdalen, a noble and touching figure, kneels at the feet of St. John, and fixes her sorrowful gaze on the dead Christ, while Nicodemus and two other men stand farther back. But then a sudden change came over the painter's thoughts, and, discarding his original intention, he adopted Mantegna's design, and represented the dead Christ carried in the arms of bearers to the grave, while the fainting Virgin, supported by the holy women, formed the subject of a second group on the right. A whole series of drawings illustrate the progress of his thought in this new direction. In the Uffizi we have the central group. The foremost bearers are represented stepping backwards up the stone steps

that lead to the tomb hewn in the rock, and the Magdalen, stooping tenderly over her dead Lord, holds his arm in her hand. In the Malcolm Collection there is a separate study of the Virgin and her companions, one of whom, kneeling on the ground and turning round to support the fainting mother, is copied from the Madonna of Michelangelo's Doni picture. Another altogether different version may be seen in the accom-

Sketch for the Entombment. By Raphael. Habich Collection.

panying drawing from the Habich Collection at Cassel, a slight and rapid sketch, but marked in an especial manner by the peculiar lightness and boldness of the master's touch. In the end, Raphael retained Mantegna's grouping, altering some types and modifying others in accordance with his gentler nature and more refined feeling. He kept the Magdalen, but left out the solitary St. John, and placed the beloved disciple among the bearers

at the head of the group. And he framed the composition in a rich and varied landscape, making the hill of Calvary with the three crosses, as seen in Mantegna's print, a prominent object in the view. The two groups are cleverly linked together by the action of one of the women, who looks back at the dead Christ while supporting his mother in her arms, and the influence of Michelangelo is apparent, not only in the kneeling figure, but in the limbs and body of the Christ, which recall the great sculptor's *Pietà* in St. Peter's.

Unfortunately the combination of all these separate motives did not succeed in producing an harmonious effect, and the result of all these labours is distinctly disappointing. The correctness and vigour of the drawing, the variety of expression in the heads and attitudes, the skill with which these ten figures are grouped in a comparatively small space, is undeniable. But for all this Raphael's *Entombment* leaves us cold and unmoved. As a triumph of academic skill it may command our admiration, but it lacks the spontaneous charm, the simpler and natural pathos of his finest work. This is no doubt partly the result of the excessive labour and prolonged study which he had bestowed upon the composition. It may also partly be explained by the share which his assistants had in the completion of the work. These deficiencies, however, were not felt by the painter's contemporaries, who hailed *The Entombment* with a general burst of delight. Vasari's impassioned language reflects the wonder with which they looked upon this masterpiece, and saw in it a perfection beyond all that had been hitherto known in art. And in one sense they were right. Raphael had reached a point of mastery to which few artists have ever attained. In scientific knowledge and technical completeness, in the vivid representation of human life and emotion, the Urbinate had far surpassed his teachers, and stood on a level with the first masters of the day. The citizens of Perugia might well applaud his latest achievement, and had good reason to raise an indignant protest when this altar-piece, which was the proudest treasure of their cathedral, was presented by the Franciscan friars to Cardinal Borghese, afterwards Pope Paul V. Since then Raphael's *Entombment* has been the chief ornament of the Borghese Gallery, and has now been removed, with the remainder of that collection, to the villa outside the Porta del Popolo.

The predella of this altar-piece, unlike most pictures of this class, is

distinguished by originality of subject and excellence of execution. The three Christian Graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, are here painted in chiaroscuro on round panels, each of them accompanied by two winged

The Entombment. By Raphael. Borghese Gallery, Rome.
From a photograph by Alinari, by permission.

genii. Faith bears in her hand the chalice and host, as the symbol of redemption ; Hope clasps her hands and lifts her eyes heavenward in the calm certainty of unshaken trust. Charity, a Madonna-like form with a handkerchief twisted round her brows, folds three fair children in her

arms, while two more cling to her side, and seem to ask for a share in her embrace. The sketch of this noble figure is in the Albertina Collection, on the back of another of the many studies which Raphael made for Atalanta Baglioni's altar-piece.

In October 1507, while the painter, in all probability, was still at work upon his *Entombment*, he was suddenly summoned to appear before the law-courts of Urbino. Some time before this, the heirs of Serafino Cervasi di Montefalcone had sold him a house for 100 scudi, and had given him a nominal receipt, although the money had not yet been paid down. The Cervasi were now condemned to pay a fine of $87\frac{1}{2}$ scudi for having allowed the marriage of a minor in their family without legal authority, and, being unable to meet their liabilities, they applied to Raphael for the payment of his debt. On the 11th of October, he appeared in court and paid the Duke's treasurer, Francesco Buffi, the sum of 50 ducats, promising to pay the remainder of the fine before Christmas, and giving his creditors $12\frac{1}{2}$ scudi as the balance of the sum due to them. This document, which was discovered by Signor Alippi in 1881, proves that Raphael was at Urbino as late as October 1507. Guidobaldo was already suffering from the lingering disease that was soon to end his life at the age of thirty-six, but his palace was still the centre of a brilliant court. Castiglione, who had returned from England in the spring, Bembo and Emilia Pia, and young Francesco della Rovere and his mother, were all there, and with their help the Duchess sought to cheer the hours of her sick husband. On this last visit, Raphael certainly renewed his intercourse with the ducal family, and may have painted some of the portraits that have been already mentioned. He was never to see his native city again, but the memory of these happy days did not pass away. In all the turmoil of his Roman life his old home was not forgotten. His dearest friends, Castiglione, Bembo, Bibbiena, were the men whom he had known at Urbino. Overworked and pressed for time as he was at the Papal Court, he never lost sight of his family or failed in his duty to his uncle. "Do not complain if I do not write," he says in one letter; "I love you with my whole heart, and your name is as dear to me as that of a father." Four years later, we find him interceding with the Pope for an Urbinate in disgrace, then again pleading the cause of a kinsman who is seeking a vacant benefice. He

begs his uncle to tell the new Duke and Duchess, his old friend Francesca della Rovere and Eleanora Gonzaga, how well he is prospering, and as one of their subjects, rejoices to think that he is doing honour to them, to his family and his country. On the 11th of April 1508, Duke Guidobaldo died, and Raphael, hearing the sad news, wrote the following letter from Florence to his uncle, Simone Ciarla :—

"Dear to me as a father, I have received your letter telling me of the death of our illustrious Lord Duke. May God have pity upon his soul! Indeed I could not read your letter without shedding tears. But he is gone, and there is no more to be said. We must have patience, and bow to the will of God. I wrote the other day to my uncle the priest [Don Bartolommeo] asking him to send me the little picture which the Lady Prefetessa used as a cover. He has not yet sent it. I beg you to let him know, that I may satisfy Madonna, for I may shortly require her help. I also ask you, my dearest uncle, to tell the priest and Santa [his father's widowed sister] that if Taddeo Taddei the Florentine, of whom we have often spoken, should come to Urbino, they must spare neither money nor pains to do him honour. I pray you also to show him kindness, for my sake, for I am certainly more indebted to him than to any man living. As for the picture, I have not yet fixed the price, and if possible I shall not name any sum, for it will be better for me to have it valued. So I could not tell you before what I did not know myself, and even now cannot say for certain. But from what I hear, the owner of this picture says that he will give me orders worth 300 gold crowns, for work either here or in France. When the feast-days are over, perhaps I shall be able to tell you the price I am to receive, since I have already finished the cartoon, and after Easter shall set to work at the picture. I should, if possible, very much like to obtain a letter of recommendation from the Lord Prefect for the Gonfaloniere of Florence. A few days ago I wrote to my uncle and to Giacomo, to beg them to procure this for me, from Rome. It would be very useful to me, on account of some work in a certain room, which his lordship can give to whom he pleases. I beg of you to ask for this, for I think that if the Lord Prefect hears it is for me, he will consent, and I commend myself to him many times over, as his old servant and friend. Commend me also to Maestro . . . . and to Ridolfo [his cousin] and

all the others. xxi. day of April 1508.—From your Raffaelo, painter, in Florence."

We do not know if the Lord Prefect complied with this request, but he probably rendered Raphael a more important service by recommending him, a few months afterwards, to his uncle Pope Julius II. The employer of whom Raphael speaks in his letter was probably the dealer Gian Battista Palla, who acted as agent for Francis I. and many illustrious lovers of art. The cartoon on which he was engaged may have been the fine drawing of *St. Catherine* in the Louvre, since we know that the picture of *St. Catherine* now in the National Gallery was painted about this time. The Saint, in grey robe and crimson mantle, is leaning against the wheel of martyrdom looking up with an air of saintly resignation in her eyes. A gleam of sunlight, beaming through the clouds, falls upon her face like a ray of hope from another world. The landscape is soft and rural: village-roofs peep out among the trees along the shore of a still lake, and low hills rise in the distance, while the flowering grasses and dandelion-seed in the foreground are there to tell us how soon death comes to all and how short is the day of youth and joy. "In the morning it is green and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered."

Among other works of this period are the Colonna and Nicolini Madonnas. The former was first the property of the Salviati of Florence, then of the Colonna of Rome, from whom it was purchased by Bunsen for the Berlin Gallery. The latter was bought by Lord Cowper from the Nicolini of Florence, and is now at Panshanger. Both are finely designed, but executed at least in part by assistants. A certain affectation in the Virgin's air, as well as the attitude of the Child, betray the touch of an inferior hand. At this period of his life Raphael seems to have been in the habit of supplying his friends at Perugia with designs for pictures, and the museum at Lille contains a carefully shaded drawing of a Holy Family which he sent to Domenico Alfani. Here no less than six figures are introduced—Zacharias and Elizabeth in the background, the Virgin and children in front, and St. Joseph in the act of giving the infant Christ a pomegranate. The cherubs in the sky are not unlike the boy-angels of the San Sisto, and the forms of distant hills and

trees are all indicated. On the back of the sheet we read the following lines in Raphael's handwriting :—

St. Catherine. By Raphael. From the picture in the National Gallery.

"Remember Menico, to send me the *strambotti* (songs) of Ricciardo, about the tempest which overtook him on his journey." According to

Grimm, Raphael here alluded to a passage of Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*. "Remind Cesarino [the artist Cesare di Rosetti] to send me that sermon, and commend me to him. Remember also to ask Madonna Atalanta to send me the money, and see that it is in gold, and tell Cesarino to remind her to do this. And if I can do anything more for you let me know."

Such paintings as the *Virgin with the Beardless St. Joseph* at St. Petersburg and the *Madonna of the Palm* in the Bridgewater Gallery were probably executed from similar designs, and passed for Raphael's work in later years. Two other pictures were begun by him during that last summer at Florence, but left unfinished at the time of his departure. One of these was the altar-piece known as the *Madonna del Baldacchino*, ordered by the Dei family for their chapel in the Church of St. Spirito. A Virgin and Child very similar to the Nicolini and Bridgewater Madonnas are enthroned under a domed canopy, and at their feet, two lovely boy-angels are singing from the scroll of music which they hold in their hands. The seraphs, who, hovering in mid-air, draw back the curtains on either side, and the saints who stand on the steps of the throne—Peter and Bernard on the right, James and Augustine on the left—bear a marked likeness to the similar figures in Fra Bartolommeo's *Marriage of St. Catherine*, and afford another proof of the close community of thought and style that existed between these two masters. After Raphael's death, this picture, which remained unfinished in his studio, was bought by Monsignor Turini, the Papal Datary, and placed in the Cathedral of his native city of Pescia. In the last century it was purchased by a Tuscan Grand Duke, who employed the artist Cassana to finish Raphael's work, and placed it in the Pitti Gallery. The other was the little picture of the *Virgin and Child with St. John* which Clement XI. presented to the Empress Elizabeth in the last century, and which is now in the Esterhazy Gallery at Buda-Pesth. The original cartoon for this Madonna, in the Uffizi, is far more lovely than the picture itself. The kneeling mother and eager child are drawn with the same delicate grace as the Madrid Virgin, and in the background, Raphael has given us a glimpse of some Tuscan valley with a mill-stream descending between wooded banks and a hill crowned with towers. In the picture itself, this landscape was altered, and a background of ruined temple and cliffs afterwards added by one of Raphael's pupils. But the drawings

of this period as a rule excel the finished pictures in form and beauty of expression. Nothing, for instance, can be finer than the *Santa*

Sta. Apollonia. By Raphael. Habich Collection.

Apollonia of the Habich Collection, a standing figure with a profile of the same type as *St. Catherine* and the *Graces* in the Vatican. Like most

of Raphael's drawings at this time, this study is executed in black chalk, a practice which he had lately borrowed from Fra Bartolommeo and now frequently adopted instead of the pen-drawing common in Perugino's school. But at this time of his life Raphael, like other masters of his age, was obliged to avail himself largely of the help of assistants, in order to satisfy the demands of his patrons. He was now an original and independent artist, able to stand alone, and second to none in his profession. He had learnt all that Perugino and Fra Bartolommeo had to teach, and the separate currents of Ferrarese, of Umbrian, and of Florentine painting were united in his art. All that he needed now was a wider field, a sphere where his powers of brain and hand might be displayed on a grander scale, before the eyes of a larger world. This was what he sought when he asked Duke Francesco to plead his cause with the Gonfaloniere of Florence, and begged for leave to paint a single room in the Palazzo Vecchio, all unconscious of the Vatican halls that were awaiting him. His opportunity soon came. Whether the young Duke recommended his friend, whether Bramante suddenly remembered his fellow-citizen, or whether Michelangelo himself told his Holiness that the painter of Urbino was the man for his work, the Pope's summons reached him that autumn, and at twenty-five, Raphael went to Rome and entered on the last stage of his glorious career.

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A Tender Chord.

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THE ART OF
WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON

By

WALTER ARMSTRONG
Director of the National Gallery of Ireland

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THE ART OF WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON

R.A.

I

"It is difficult to believe that any man is able to do first-rate things both in subjective and objective work." I stumbled upon this sentence the other day in a review of Louis Stevenson's romances, and I fancy it embodies a notion acceptable to the superficial observer, to the critic who works by individual comparisons, by canons, and, generally, by avoiding views either broad or deep in judging a work of art. And yet it amounts to little less than a denial of possible solution to the one problem which every artist has to solve before he can become efficient, not to say great. If a fairly complete work of art, in any medium whatever, is not a happily consummated union between elements objective and elements subjective, each being duly controlled, it will be difficult indeed to say what it is.

Let me try to illustrate this by following the successive stages in the making of an artist, as the process would appear to himself were it conscious and deliberate.

The boy begins, as soon as he can look, by taking an interest in the life he sees in action about him. It is not by objects in themselves that his senses are excited ; it is by their movement, their variation, the presage they give of some awakening power within himself. He is like a young cat. His indifference to things which give no sign

of life is profound. It is only when they move that he is struck by the notion that possibly they might in some way be made to gratify his own passions. The first enjoyment he receives through his outward instinct is that of destruction. When he gets old enough to handle things, the only vent for his desire to assimilate them, to make them part

W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A. From a painting by T. Graham. By permission of W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A.

of his *ego*, is to pull them to pieces, to punish their unresponsiveness by summary execution. Between this stage and the next there is a period during which the boy does not know what to be at. In him the girl's instinct for protection is only feebly developed. He knows no middle course between destruction and creation. The months between the last wilful disembowelling and the first attempt to "make"

are passed, as a rule, in the persecution of every living thing he comes across. At last the time arrives to give him paints and pencils. What does he do with them? Does he put a vase of flowers on a table and sit down to study its forms? No; he tries to recreate the life by which he has been fascinated all along. He wearied of his tin cavalry because it could not charge, of his popguns because they had neither noise nor smoke. And so he tries to make action of every kind visible. Purely objective fact has no existence for him. What he wants to realize is his own conception of how things should move and what patterns they should make. If Wellington drew a battle for him, he would insist on more smoke; or Fordham a racehorse, he would want more flash of mane and tail. The boy who tries for correctness in these early stages never becomes an artist. His untutored ambition, if it is to lead to much, has to be of the subjective, creative, self-assertive kind.

Now comes the crisis. The boy has carried his natural light as far as it will go. He has made men fight as furiously and horses gallop as extravagantly as he can with his scanty knowledge of either. He begins to see that if he is ever to express himself fully and to satisfy his own nascent critical sense, he must lay aside imagination and turn for a time to acquisition. This is the parting of the ways. To some, conditions oppose an impassable barrier; to others, the prospect of seven years or so, spent in work with no obvious charm of its own, is too appalling to face; to the few, the prize at the end has such attractions that they begin their sap cheerfully, and their toil is sweetened by the discovery, at every step gained, how science ministers to art, and elaborates a language for her use. The consummation of it all, even with the greatest artists, does not come too soon. It does not come until the scientific foundation is fused, as it were, into the art built upon it. The expressive artist must put his knowledge of form, of structure, of the behaviour of paint or clay, into action, as unconsciously as the orator does his knowledge of grammar; and this he cannot do, as a rule, until long after the years of confessed pupilage are over. The early works of nearly all painters are more scientific and objective than artistic and subjective. Creation only begins when the two qualities acquire their due proportions, or, to put it concretely

and with some triviality, when he can both paint a lemon and make it indispensable to a picture.

Much confusion of ideas has been caused by the failure both of artists and theorizers about æsthetics to recognize that every so-called work of art is a combination of art and science. The connection of the two is so intimate that you may watch a painter at work, and of successive brush-strokes you may say, "That is for art, but that for science." Every touch governed by the necessity for objective truth must obviously be referred to science; those which go to express individual preferences, personal conceptions, and sensuous predilections, which go, in short, to complete the subjective envelope in which the artist desires to clothe his facts, belong to the side of art. All this may sound very elementary, but it is curious how seldom any serious attempt has been made to trace out the real line of demarcation between art and science. The reason, perhaps, is that so many of those who have written upon such matters have failed to begin by learning to know a work of art when they see it, while those who have done so have been unwilling to acknowledge the very large share of science in the equipment of the artist. It is not too much to say that nine tenths of the labour bestowed on a picture, and, I should say, ninety-nine hundredths of that given to a statue, is not artistic but scientific labour. Of course it varies very considerably with different men. In the pictures of Dürer, for instance, the scientific, and in those of Velasquez the artistic, element would be in greater proportions than those mentioned above.[1]

Throughout the process of creating a work of art the artist is, then, moved by a double force, the subjective and the objective. Were artists in the habit of analyzing their impulses, this would have been acknowledged long ago. Unfortunately they very seldom do anything of the kind, and the exceptions, as a rule, are not the best artists. So we have to do without their help. In the few cases I have known of self-analyzing painters I have found that the more persistent difficulty which attends the scientific side of their work inclines them enormously to exaggerate

[1] It is curious to realize that the proportion of art in the total result becomes greater as we sink in the precedence of the arts. Painting, sculpture, and architecture are, when measured quantitatively, rather sciences than arts, while, for instance, the designing of decorative patterns is almost purely artistic.

its importance in philosophizing on the whole question. The mature artist does the artistic part easily—nay, almost unconsciously. In the case of those with vivid imaginations—with exceptional powers of creating a mental *imago*—it is mostly done in their heads before a touch is put upon the canvas. Little remains to be determined after the palette is on the thumb beyond those modulations of detail and personal accents in handling which make for unity and concentration. And yet, easy as it may be to those who can do it at all, it is by the fabrication of a subjective envelope for its collection of objective facts that a work of art becomes a work of art. The most delightful painters—to narrow the arts to the one which more directly concerns us here—are those who have the finest sense of proportion between the two elements, those who are gifted with the most subtle instinct as to how much truth of the objective kind is required to leaven that subjective truth upon which alone artistic excellence is founded. I say the "most delightful" advisedly. We apply the word "great" too often to men with some single faculty developed out of all measure with the rest to make it a happy epithet for those who, like Pieter de Hooch, Watteau, Chardin, Fragonard, Gainsborough (to take the first names which occur to me), and the man to whom the following pages are devoted, William Quiller Orchardson, have combined outward and inward truths in the most exquisite proportions.

II

Before attempting to give the very slight sketch of Orchardson's career which alone seems to me desirable during a painter's lifetime, it is necessary to dwell a little on the artistic *milieu* out of which he sprang.

The beginnings of organized art teaching are even more difficult to follow in Scotland than in England. Their first remote impetus was given as far back as 1700, in the Act by which the two kingdoms were united. By that Act certain sums were secured to the northern kingdom for the purpose, among others, of nursing the national manufactures. In course of time such an employment of the money became a work of supererogation, and at last, through various changes, part of it was used for the upkeep of a school of design, which was known as the Trustees' Academy. This academy lasted down to our own time, for it was not until 1858 that it was bisected, as it were, the more elementary classes being put under the rod of South Kensington, and the more advanced under that of the Royal Scottish Academy. Down to the year 1850 nearly all the masters appointed by the Board of Trustees had been men whose sympathies lay with the drier and more "classical" forms of art, men whose influence still survives in the work of most Scottish painters whose education was completed in the first half of the century. In 1850 an appointment was made which changed all this, and did more than anything else to impress upon Scottish painting the character most of us still associate with the title of the school. Robert Scott Lauder was selected for the Mastership of the Trustees' Academy. At the time of his appointment he was forty-seven years of age. He had himself been a pupil of the academy under Andrew Wilson—whose work shows more than a slight affinity with that of his more famous

namesake, Richard—and had afterwards studied in London and Italy. Lauder's own style proves that his chief attention abroad had been given to the Venetians; that, as soon as he found himself under the sun of Italy, he had promptly turned his back upon those severer masters who had

Study from the Nude.
By permission of W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A.

monopolized earlier generations of Scots. He settled afterwards for a time in London, and there painted a Crucifixion which at least contained one original idea: the figure of Christ was entirely draped in a white cloth. The picture excited great interest at the time, but where it now

is I do not know. There is a large but weak picture in the Scottish National Gallery which shows his preoccupation with colour and allows his faculty for its treatment to be divined. I have seen small things by him which rise to a very high level indeed. Mr. John Hutchison, the sculptor, has a picture of still life which glows like a gem.

Lauder revolutionized the Trustees' Academy. He set himself to teach the students how to see. He insisted upon a grasp of the model as a whole, in all its relations of line and colour. Possibly he carried this too far, and may have to bear the blame for some of the vagueness, the apparent inability to define, which hangs about not a few of his pupils. But at least he brought them up to see things broadly and in their places, and to get quality in their colour. Besides Mr. Orchardson, he had among his scholars Robert Herdman, George Paul Chalmers, and John Pettie, who are dead, as well as Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Tom Graham, Mr. Hugh Cameron, Mr. W. M'Taggart, and Mr. Macwhirter. All these men, and several more who might be named, have a decisive school affinity to each other. They bear the mark of one influence so strongly that their connection could be recognized at a glance, and, in fact, their common features were accepted as the distinctive *cachet* of the Scottish school until the recent sudden birth of a new style in Glasgow. The completeness with which he instilled his ideas into a regiment of students shows Robert Lauder to have been no common man, especially as, according to his friends, he belonged to the *douce* type of Scotsman. In any case, his was the influence which created the school of Scottish painting which will be chiefly associated with the second half of the present century. To him belongs the credit of putting an end to the period of conventionality in conception and heavy-handed dirtiness in execution which marks so much of the work done before his time. His system may not have been thorough. It is more than doubtful whether many young men could have been found in the Edinburgh of forty years ago to bear a thorough system. But it was healthy ; it awakened and kept awake the interest of the student, and it enabled him to produce work which could at least arouse interest in others. I have ventured upon this sketch of his career because, without it, the very marked general character of the crop of painters to which Orchardson belongs would be left without any reasonable explanation.

III

The somewhat uncommon patronymic of Orchardson is a corruption of Urquhartson, the name of a Highland clan, or rather sept, on the shores of Loch Ness, from which the painter traces his origin. His second christian name, Quiller, points to a strain of Austrian blood, inherited through his mother, to which it pleases those who discover foreign roots for everything artistic in this country to ascribe his genius. His father, who was engaged in business in Edinburgh, sent him to the Trustees' Academy in 1850, when he was fifteen years of age. He will not quarrel with me, I hope, for saying that he was not one of those who arrive by dint of plodding application. The facility which marks him now was his almost from the first: feats which only became possible to his fellow-students after months of labour he mastered, those fellow-students tell me, in weeks. However, I do not mean to trace him through all the stages of his apprenticeship. It must suffice to say that, if he did not kill himself with overwork, he at least assimilated all that was best in the teaching of his master, while, at the same time, he became an exquisite draughtsman, in a vital and personal way rare in any school, and rarest of all in ours. I wish it had been possible to reproduce in these pages some of the drawings he made as a member of a sketch club in Edinburgh to which Mr. Hugh Cameron, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. George Hay, now Secretary to the Royal Scottish Academy, Mr. M'Taggart, Mr. John Hutchison the sculptor, and several others belonged. Unhappily Orchardson is the least acquisitive of mortals, and except a few that fell into the hands of friends, which I was not able to run down until too late, and are, moreover, scarcely in a condition to permit of successful photography, they seem to have all disappeared. Judging from the scanty specimens just alluded to, they were marked by

the same fine cadence and vivid truth of line which is never absent from his maturer work.

The rapidity with which Orchardson mastered the essentials of his art is proved by the portrait of his old friend and fellow-student, John Hutchison, here reproduced. This picture was painted before he was twenty, and yet it shows all the confidence in simple effects which as a rule only comes with experience. The head seems a trifle large, but when I have said that I do not know what else to criticize. The colour is delightful. The background is a luminous grey; the coat, etc., grey too, but in that cool, greenish tone which has the force of positive colour in so many of Orchardson's harmonies. It is curious to compare this portrait with that of himself (see page 19), painted more than thirty years later, for the famous series in the Uffizi. The scheme is practically the same in both, the only serious difference being the substitution of a dark background for a light one in the later picture. The handling, of course, has become freer with practice, and the whole conception is carried out with more breadth, fire, and self-confidence. In the earlier portrait the beautifully painted left hand has as evidently posed as the head. In the later, the corresponding member seems to have painted itself. In short, Orchardson is one of those whose growth has been a steady and consistent development from the very first. There is nothing experimental about him. He has known his own mind from the beginning, and, just as before he puts a touch upon a canvas he sees in his mind's eye the finished work, so he may well, when he first emerged from the Trustees' Academy, have already built up a clear mental picture of the whole course of his future activity.

The pictures he painted in Edinburgh are not all, however, so decisive in accent as the portrait of Mr. Hutchison. They are often tentative, as if feeling their way towards bolder schemes of design, chiaroscuro, and colour. The young man's hand was never put out farther than he could draw it back. He was content to work within his powers, to restrict his palette and the latitude of his brush, to realize such conceptions as he could create in his comparatively inexperienced mind, rather than to fling himself into deep water and trust to luck. Even after he ventured south, it was long before he quitted the reserved, almost secretive style of his youth, and gave free play to his native facility.

J. Hutchison, Esq.
By permission of J. Hutchison, Esq.

IV

Orchardson came to London in 1862. He was followed twelve months later by his friend John Pettie, who was four years his junior. The pair chummed together at No. 37, Fitzroy Square, in the house which was afterwards the home of Madox Brown. For reasons not difficult to explain, the younger man was the first to catch the eye of the public. His conceptions were more ambitious, and his art more *voyant:* he played, in fact, a trumpet to his companion's flageolet. Hence it was that, to the amusement of those they had left behind in Edinburgh, the London critics talked of Orchardson as if he had moulded himself on Pettie. Their fellow-workers at home knew well enough that, after the teaching of Lauder, the moulding influence over the whole clique had been the example and the square mind of the older man. It was to him that his friends turned—and have turned ever since—when they fell into difficulties with their work, to his methods that they looked for hints in perfecting their own. A few years ago one of the most gifted among them said to me, "Ah! Orchardson: he has two heads on his shoulders!"

The true explanation of the comparative slowness with which he won recognition here is to be found in that nice balance of his own ambition to which I have already referred. He never attempted to paint for the gallery; he never hankered after any effects but such as were entirely within the compass of his equipment at the moment. For years after he came to London he restricted himself to the most reticent colour harmonies, to the simplest arrangement of figures, to the most self-contained and readily comprehensible themes. A girl at a stile waiting for her lover; a Venetian greengrocer paddling his boat-load of vegetables along some shadowy canal; a wild Cavalier presenting a challenge on

his sword's point to a two-minded Roundhead ; a girl nerved by her own beauty, threading the clashing swords of a crowd of adoring males—it was upon themes like these that he lavished his power to rival the soft, sleeping tints on the back of an old Arras. In the blatancy of Burlington House they were not calculated to force attention, and so it was not until his familiar friend had been an A.R.A. for eighteen months that he won the right to sport the same initials, and not till Pettie had been four years an Academician that he became one too.

It must, however, in fairness be confessed that there was another factor in retarding Orchardson's promotion. He had then, as he has still, an *insouciant* way of taking his art which gave him the air almost of an amateur among the painfully-in-earnest young men who were racing him for academic honours. People might have been forgiven, when they saw the alacrity with which he would throw down his palette if any one whispered "tennis," for supposing that he would not break his heart if the outward signs of success in his profession were a little delayed. This easy way of taking life clings to him still. Even now that he at least shares the headship of the English school, it is difficult to say whether his favourite weapon is a paint-brush or a split cane fishing-rod. I fancy that any one who wishes to see him at his moment of fullest enjoyment will have to journey down into Wiltshire, and find him on the banks of the Kennet just as the dry fly settles provokingly over the nose of a three-pound trout.

In fact, Orchardson has always set his art against a background of sport. When he first came to England, it was for the saddle that he used to lay down the palette. A feather weight, with the lightest of hands and an excellent judgment, he used for years to follow the fortunes of the Chiddingfold Hounds, in Surrey, a yeoman pack, hunted by four brothers called Sadler.

On his marriage he gave up hunting, and took to a sport to which he had been casually introduced years before at Brighton. Pettie and he strolled one day into the tennis-court behind the Bedford Hotel, took up a pair of rackets, and set themselves to solve the mysteries of the king of games. The fancy here conceived was nourished in St. John's Wood, when Orchardson became a member of the M.C.C., and frequented the tennis-court with some regularity. It was not until 1877, however,

Portrait of the Painter, by Himself.
From the picture in the Uffizi Gallery.

that he became a devotee to the game. In that year he finished building the house at Westgate in which he spent much of his time until two or three years ago. In the garden he built an open tennis-court, the first, I believe, which had been constructed since the sixteenth century, when most of the French courts, at least, were roofless. Here, thanks to the dry climate of the "east neuk" of Kent, he lost and won chases against nearly all the heroes of the game for a matter of fifteen years, with few disappointments from the weather. I have spent whole summer days in this court, and a more delicious setting for a delightful game it would be hard to conceive. Overhead a sky like Italy, within the walls an atmosphere like dry champagne, behind the gallery nets roses hanging in bunches from the pillars on which the service wall was carried, and nothing to awaken care except an occasional crash of broken glass, when some wild return leapt the high wire guards and broke a neighbour's window! In the same garden he built a combined studio and billiard-room, so that work could be sandwiched between two kinds of play. In fact, the whole installation epitomized the man who contrives, as few others have contrived, to refute the implication in Raphael's *Vision of a Knight.* The man who is "Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus" is not called upon to choose between Duty and Pleasure. For him these are different names for one thing.

To finish with Orchardson's diversions, if, after this, I may still call them so. As the years pass, and violence becomes too sharp a sauce to exercise, the judicious man looks out for some form of relaxation which shall make a less demand upon the muscles. To-day he has the choice of two—the contemplative man's recreation, and the royal and ancient game of golf. Orchardson began with the former. With Pettie and some other friends he took a fishing on the Kennet, near Marlborough, and there for the last few years he has been proving the merits of the dry fly, and landing trout to which the little three-to-the-pounders of his native streams were but as *hors-d'œuvre* to a feast.

May we call talk a diversion? Is it not rather the purest medium of intellectual expression? Does not all that a man has become, all that he can ever hope to be, betray itself in his conversation? Is not spoken language, the instrument to which he has been trained, hour by hour and minute by minute, ever since his eyes first opened on the world,

the completest test of the intellectual man? Orchardson's talk is of the pregnant kind. Every remark he makes straightens out what has gone before, and prepares it for the next contribution to the common structure. And his "colloguer" goes home convinced that he had never met a more unerring mind.

The *ménage* in Fitzroy Square was broken up in 1865, when Pettie entered into the holy estate of matrimony. Orchardson then moved to Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill, and from there to the neighbouring Phillimore Gardens. In 1873 he followed Pettie's example, and married Miss Ellen Moxon, whose features appear in two of our illustrations—her own portrait, on page 41, and the *Master Baby* (Plate III.). He afterwards lived at various addresses in the Brompton Road, Lansdowne Road, Spencer Street, Westminster, and, lastly, in Portland Place, where the erection of a palatial studio has probably fixed him for the rest of his days.

A Bloodhound.
By permission of W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A.

V

In 1870 the power of attraction wielded by Venice over every cultivated mind drew Orchardson to Italy. He left London late in April, and, better advised than most of those who make the same journey, arrived in the City of the Lagoons early in May. Venice from the beginning of May until well on into June is the most delicious thing in the world. The heat is just what it should be. The sky is seldom cloudless, but never cloudy. The air has none of the *tiédeur* of July, and the smells have not yet begun to seriously invade the Grand Canal, although the smaller waterways, the *anastomoses* of the great main artery, will make even a gondolier mutter "Cattivo!" And the atmosphere: even that of Egypt falls short of its vivid clearness. Perhaps this is due to the never-absent touch of moisture in the air, for the only days to equal in brilliancy those of the early Venetian summer I have ever seen have been one or two in the Western Highlands of Scotland, very rare July days, when the sun blazed through an atmosphere washed clean by showers, and made the mountains and the scintillating surface of the sea gleam as if a rain of jewels had fallen on the earth. Unfortunately, things are not very paintable under such conditions. The scale of tones at the painter's command is far too short, his pigments far too dull, to render, or even to suggest, the action of the sunlight through an absolutely transparent medium. Now and then it has been tried. Rochegrosse attacked the problem in front in last year's Salon with his *Chevalier aux Fleurs;* Besnard attempted to turn its flank in the strange and much-disputed picture of horses which was at the Salon du Champs de Mars. But, on the whole, the results are not worth the sacrifices which have to be made. Such pictures must, in their very nature, be rather

tours de force than art. And you may force their tones as much as you please, they will never make the weakest eyes blink. It was partly, no doubt, owing to its irresistible invitation to a delicious *far niente*

Study from Miss Orchardson.
By permission of W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A.

that Orchardson did little work in Venice, but the conviction that the Venetian summer was better to look at than to paint must also have had its share in his idleness. His home was on the Grand Canal.

He took rooms in the Casa Benitzki, and of course he chartered a gondolier. This man, Antonio, was one of those invaluable servants you may find once or twice in a lifetime among the Latin races, but never, in ten lives, among the Teutons. Everything conceivable that an Englishman in Venice could require, Antonio sought and found. He was, too, a bit of a Caleb Balderstone. The lamented Freddy Walker joined Orchardson in Venice, and the latter gives a droll account of his arrival. He came by sea. Antonio was ordered to engage a second gondolier, so that the visitor might be brought with due safety and expedition from the steamer's stopping-place at Malamocco. Antonio improved on these instructions, and arrived before the Casa Benitzki with a double gondola, and three men besides himself. As soon as the boat was under the steamer's side, Walker scrambled down the companion, landed in the gondolier's brawny arms, and, twisting about to grasp his friend's hand, spluttered out without a word of preface : "Caught a four-pound trout ! caught a four-pound trout !" He was as delighted as a child over the whole performance, and the climax came when, after a record-breaking transit, the four men brought their gondola up sharp at the steps, like a racehorse pulled on to his haunches.

Antonio was a hero, as well as a first-rate factotum. During his service with Orchardson he took a wife, and the story of his marriage is one of rare devotion. The girl to whom he was *fiancé* caught small-pox in its worst form. After a long battle with the disease she was left almost for dead. Her strength had been drained to the last drop, and her Italian doctor took refuge in an old-fashioned idea, which may be superstition or may be wisdom. He declared that her only chance of life lay in some healthy and vigorous person giving part of that vigour to her. Who would run such a risk ? The girl's relations were proud, though poor enough, and would not listen to Antonio when he offered, or rather demanded as a right, to make the trial himself. He persisted, however. He forced his way to the girl's bedside, took her in his arms where she lay, and never relaxed his hold for a day and a night, until the feeble spark of life was nourished back to the beginnings of flame. The girl survived, frightfully disfigured, but Antonio married her, and presented her, his face beaming with pride and delight, to his English employer.

Another little sketch, and I have done with Antonio. He could not read a line of any language, but he spoke English fluently, having sailed in English ships. Orchardson knew no Italian, but, thanks to his Scottish schooling in Latin, he could read it intelligibly. So, in the late summer of 1870, when the newspapers grew so exciting that the *Times* could not be waited for, the painter used to read the Venetian papers aloud to the gondolier, who, dubiously, never quite convinced that to a signor who could actually read Italian its sounds conveyed no meaning, would translate the accounts of the defeat at Wörth, of the fights before Metz, and of the advance of Fate on Paris.

Towards the end of August, Antonio's translations became too stimulating. Orchardson determined to pack up his traps and try to see something of the war. Leaving Italy by way of the Brenner, he travelled through Munich, passed Strasburg within distant sight of the siege, and found himself entangled in the great double stream of war-traffic, the German reinforcements crowding forward, and the poor French prisoners from Sedan—"train-loads without a human expression among them"—slowly crawling to their captivity among the scenes of their fathers' triumphs. It soon, of course, became quite impossible to get through, and our painter had to turn southwards, and by slow roundabout stages make his way to Dieppe and London.

Since 1870 Orchardson has only left his native country for short runs abroad, and Mons. Chesneau's supposition that he has elaborately studied French and German painting has no sort of foundation.

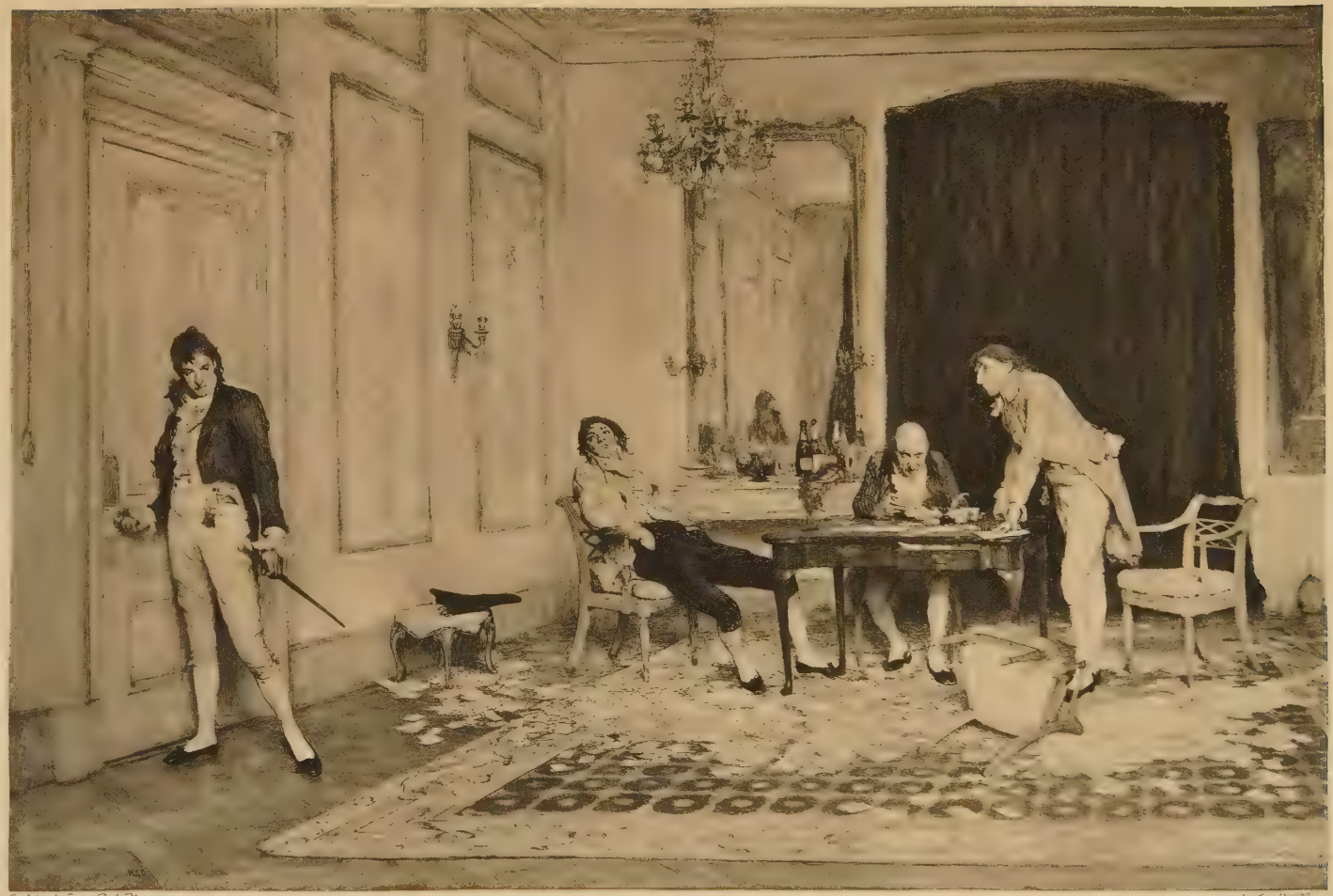
VI

Orchardson's career may be fairly divided into two parts, the line being drawn after the summer of 1880. Before that date his work had been reticent, self-contained, and as it were painted for himself. Only those who looked with seeing eyes understood its quality. It had comprised a few of his very finest things—the *Queen of the Swords*, the *Challenge*, the *Conditional Neutrality*, and the *Portrait of Mr. Moxon*, for instance. But it had embodied little of that broad, dramatic effectiveness which has been a feature since 1880. Considerations of space make it impossible to follow his footsteps, as marked by pictures, one by one, while it would require a genius to make such a detailed exhibition agreeable, not to say profitable. I propose, therefore, to glance at a few of his more characteristic productions, taken more in the order suggested by a certain sequence of ideas than in any stricter method of classification.

The *Queen of the Swords* was at the Academy in 1877, and had a great success twelve months later at the Universal Exhibition in Paris. The subject is taken from *The Pirate*, from the scene where Minna Troil justifies the *sobriquet* with which Halcro had dubbed her. Here is Scott's creation : "The first movement was graceful and majestic, the youths holding their swords erect, and without much gesture ; but the tune, and the corresponding motions of the dancers, became gradually more and more rapid—they clashed their swords together, in measured time, with a spirit which gave the exercise a dangerous appearance in the eye of the spectator, though the firmness, justice, and accuracy with which the dancers kept time with the stroke of their weapons did, in truth, insure its safety. The most singular part of the exhibition was

the courage exhibited by the female performers, who now, surrounded by the swordsmen, seemed like the Sabine maidens in the hands of their Roman lovers ; now, moving under the arch of steel which the young men had formed, by crossing their weapons over the heads of their fair partners, resembled the band of Amazons when they first joined in the Pyrrhic dance with the followers of Theseus. But by far the most striking and appropriate figure was that of Minna Troil, whom Halcro had long since entitled the Queen of Swords, and who, indeed, moved amidst the swordsmen with an air which seemed to hold all the drawn blades as the proper accompaniments of her person and the implements of her pleasure ; and when the mazes of the dance became more intricate, when the close and continuous clash of the weapons made some of her companions shrink and show signs of fear, her cheek, her lip, and her eye seemed rather to announce that, at the moment when the weapons flashed fastest and rang sharpest round her, she was most completely self-possessed, and in her own element."

The painter has taken from the scene exactly what it had to spare for a new medium of expression. The words of Scott are followed closely enough ; the picture might even, with a touch of malice, be called an illustration ; and yet it can stand alone. We do not require even the title to put us *au fait* with what is taking place. The canvas explains itself even to the dullest, and even the dullest can see why it was painted at all. It was not painted to be read with the novel. It was painted because the double line of swordsmen, with the sinuous stream of women stepping in time beneath the arch of steel, gave an opportunity for the coherent play of line ; it was painted because the stately measure of the dance gave just the right sense of movement, and the costumes of 1750 the right opportunity for colour ; it was painted because the fiddlers and the older, soberer section of the company would furnish excellently the empty spaces of the canvas. In fact, the reading of Scott's page suggested to the painter's mind an image in which all pictorial elements would work together for unity. To those who look upon any "subject" whatever as fatal to a work of art this will seem a poor excuse. Others less fanatical will acknowledge that a subject, like the stubbornnesses of paint itself, is at worst an obstacle to be overcome, a difficulty the facing of which may be justified by the way in which it is negotiated. The *Queen*



W.Q. Orchardson R.A. Pinx.

Hard Hit,

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of the Swords was so good a subject that it required nothing but the painter's modulating eye to turn it into a picture. With the next thing I have to speak about it was otherwise, and here I find an opportunity of showing how a good literary theme can be turned into a good pictorial one by taking a few judicious liberties.

Every one is familiar with the delightful scene in *Woodstock* where

Escaped.
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Roger Wildrake carries Mark Everard's *cartel* to the supposed Louis Kerneguy.

"'Let us get to business, sir, if you please,' said the King. 'You have a message for me, you say?'

"'True, sir,' replied Wildrake; 'I am the friend of Colonel Markham Everard, sir, a tall man, and a worthy person in the field, although

I could wish him a better cause. A message I have to you, it is certain, in a slight note, which I take the liberty of presenting with the usual formalities.' So saying, he drew his sword, put the billet he mentioned upon the point, and, making a profound bow, presented it to Charles.

"The disguised monarch accepted it," &c.

Now that is the whole scene. The only characters on the stage are Charles and the Cavalier. Paint it as it stands, and you will have to quote a whole page of Scott before you can make it comprehensible to the poor wretch who finds himself before it with no preparation but his catalogue. And even then you will not move his interest. To do that you require to know all that has passed in the story. You require to have the jealousy of Everard, the fears of Alice Lee, the unconsciousness of Wildrake, and the consciousness of Charles, all vividly present in your mind. In fact, the force of the situation depends upon a multitude of things which paint—which no simultaneous form of art—can give. In the novel the scene is splendid, and most fit. In a picture it would be nothing. And yet it has wrapped up in it some first-rate pictorial materials, in the contrasted figures and characters of the two men, in the forward bend of the one and the recoil of the other, in the long horizontal line of the rapier and the menacing touch of white on its point. The problem Orchardson had to solve was how to clothe all this in accessories which would explain, and even heighten, its significance. *Woodstock* itself suggested a solution. Within the same boards as Louis Kerneguy lives Trusty Tomkins, the psalm-singing Roundhead, whose creed may well have allowed a little corner for the duello, no less than for the charms of Phœbe Mayflower. Put him in the place of the hiding king, set a dissuader in the person of a Puritan divine at his elbow, throw a combination of scruple and a taste for *sa*, *sa* into his physiognomy, and you have at once a complete and most paintable drama.

* * * *

By this time the reader is probably feeling for his pencil, to scribble a sarcastic note on the margin of this page. And indeed the mistake into which I have fallen is absurd enough. It has at last dawned upon me, however, that it was not with *Woodstock*, as I find it in the notes

Charles Moxon, Esquire.
By permission of W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A.

to one of my talks with Orchardson, that *The Challenge* has to do, but with *Peveril of the Peak*. There, of course, the scene will be found almost exactly as we see it in the picture. The challenger is Sir Jasper Cranbourne, the challenged Major Bridgenorth, and the dissuasive divine Master Solsgrace. I am tempted, however, to leave the paragraph as I wrote it, because, although it does not happen to apply to the particular case as well as might be wished, it does explain the kind of process which most incidents taken from books have to undergo before they become self-contained works of art.

* * * *

I have said already that the *Queen of the Swords* was at the Paris exhibition of 1878. Together with other things from the same studio it had a very great success both with painters and critics on the south side of the Channel. Its happy design, its gallantry, and its debonnair treatment generally appealed to the French mind, and seduced it for the moment from its preoccupation with the more actual moods of art. Nevertheless, to eyes accustomed to the cool, gray tones, the broad handling, and the solid *pâte* of French pictures, the more positive tones, the more detailed if yet dexterous brushing, and the comparatively thin, transparent impasto of Orchardson, was not altogether agreeable—and yet they might have found a precedent for it all in some of their own great men, in more than one of those painters of *fêtes galantes* who were the only glory of French painting in the eighteenth century. To this question, however, we must return when the moment comes for trying to fix Orchardson's place in the general march of art.

The two portraits which I have chosen as characteristic examples of his work in the first half of his career were painted in 1875 and 1876, *Mr. Moxon* belonging to the former year, and *Conditional Neutrality* to the latter. The first is a straightforward portrait, depending on no adventitious aid for its effect. The pose is momentary, full of power, at rest, but about to pass into action in pursuit of thought. The head is finely and most searchingly modelled, the left hand perfect in expression, the background thoroughly sympathetic and complementary. In short, it is a simple, sedate, and most thorough piece of work. The second is more deliberately picturesque. The portrait of a boy of five or so, it presents us with a delightful scheme of colour, picked up by the happy introduction

of some of those nursery properties which have done so much to smooth the paths of all who have had to paint children. In a way it reminds us of Sir Joshua's *Master Crewe*, which by the time these lines are in print will be hanging on the walls of Burlington House. The pugnacity of the young human male is the keynote of both. Orchardson, like Reynolds, saw in proneness to resist the most characteristic feature of man at the age of five, and, also like Reynolds, he thought his truculence would be none the worse for being set off with the bravery of silk and velvet. Painters generally do best when they are painting for themselves. The hero of *Conditional Neutrality* is the painter's own first-born son, now a most promising student at the Royal Academy ; and this explains, perhaps, a certain audacity in the colour scheme, a certain *bravura* in the handling, a certain pervading vivacity of selection, which are scarcely to be found in the same degree in other things belonging to this period. It is usual to suppose that some of the mellow harmony of Venetian pictures is the gift of time and varnish. One of the greatest of English painters has consistently worked in obedience to that belief, and not a few smaller men have followed his example. Whether it be well founded or not it is difficult to say. One fact may be pointed to which throws some doubt on the theory—namely, that the shadows in good Venetian pictures are as warm and luminous as the lights. A brilliant passage, a piece of drapery, for instance, painted chiefly with vermilion, will undoubtedly become richer and more luminous when it glows through a coat of mellow varnish, because the tone of the latter is lower than its own. But suppose this same varnish overlying a very dark but still luminous shadow. Being higher in tone than the shadow, it will diminish its transparency. In short, it will act as a scumble, whereas in the first instance it acted as a glaze. Now any first-rate example of the greater Venetians is equally transparent all over, except in those very high lights which have been painted with extreme solidity. And this makes it doubtful whether time and accident have had so much to do with their superb tone as is often believed. However that may be, a picture painted almost entirely in high tones will certainly benefit by time, supposing it to have no seeds of premature decay in its own constitution. *Conditional Neutrality* is such a picture, and I suspect that a century hence it will be looked upon as one of the treasures of the English school.

Conditional Neutrality.
By permission of W. Q Orchardson, Esq., R. A.

During the earlier of the two periods into which I have ventured to divide his career, Orchardson's whole work was marked by judgment in conception and sobriety in execution. The subjects chosen, whether suggested by writers or spun out of his own inner consciousness, are always so arranged as at once to tell their own story, and yet to declare that the motive which led to their being painted at all was truly and essentially pictorial. In this respect it would not be fantastic to attempt a comparison between him and Hogarth, most of whose fame depends —not so much on those gifts of satire and detached common sense to which critics have chiefly directed our attention, but—on the extraordinary skill with which he combines dramatic with æsthetic qualities, and makes his scenes explain themselves, down to the minutest details, through matters required by pictorial balance and unity. Hogarth, in short, was a master of composition. His *Marriage à la mode* reads like *Tom Jones*. We pass from scene to scene, receiving from each exactly what it has to give, missing nothing, inventing nothing, and accumulating as we go a conviction of the painter's infallibility in selecting and marshalling materials, of his power to breathe the keenest vitality into his men and women. It would be going too far to transfer all this to Orchardson. He has never been pricked by the didactic spur. He feels no desire to reprove the time, or to strip poor human nature and lead it up naked to the mirror. To him the second of Hogarth's incentives is the first, and, when the events of life have supplied him with a hook on which fine colour, sympathetic design, and a coherent arabesque may be hung, he is content.

The Paris exhibition of 1878 marks with sufficient accuracy the close of this first period; and here I should like to quote what one of the more intelligent of the French critics was then impelled to write of our painter :—

"Le maître en ce domaine de l'expression, celui qui domine tout le groupe des physionomistes par la mesure, par le jeu des nuances et aussi par l'habileté de la main, c'est Mons. W. Q. Orchardson. Ses tableaux cependant—est-ce un éloge?—sont peu ou même point du tout anglais. Ils figureraient indifféremment dans les galeries françaises, belges, ou dans l'école de Düsseldorf, sans que personne en fut étonné. Est-ce donc que le talent n'a point de nationalité! Ou plutôt, ce que

j'incline à croire, que Mons. Orchardson a soigneusement étudié, de ce côté de la Manche, les écoles contemporaines, et qu'il s'est composé ainsi, en y ajoutant sa propre personnalité, un talent très personnel, plus voisin des principes d'art du continent cependant que de ceux de ses compatriotes.

"En tout cas, le résultat est des plus séduisants, et les tableaux de Mons. Orchardson, le *Défi* ["The Challenge"] et *Christopher Sly*, ont obtenu chez nous un succès aussi rapide que légitime.

"*Le Défi* est charmant de grâce spirituelle ; je ne sais malheureusement à quel drame le motif est emprunté.

"Une sorte de Scapin ironique, tout vêtu de satin jaune serin, chapeau bas, le haut du corps incliné, présente à la pointe de son épée la lettre de défi à une sorte de cavalier philosophe que cette provocation intempestive trouble dans son travail. Un vieillard enveloppé d'une lévite, son compagnon d'études, s'est levé avec empressement ; il retient le bras du cavalier comme pour le dissuader d'accepter et de prendre au sérieux ce défi insolite et insolent.

"Il est inutile de rappeler au lecteur que Christopher Sly est le héros de cette bouffonnerie qui sert de prologue à la *Mégère domptée* de Shakespeare.

"Mons. Orchardson a disposé tous ces groupes, animé toutes ces physionomies avec une entente profonde de la scène. L'interprétation de cette amusante parade était pleinement dans son talent souple et enjoué. Les attitudes sont justes, d'un dessin facile et correct ; l'expression des têtes est fine et spirituelle, comique sans charge, grotesque sans grossièreté. En outre, malgré certaines maigreurs de touche et bien que l'exécution soit un peu mince, un peu épinglée, l'ensemble est cependant d'une coloration ravissante, harmonieuse comme l'envers d'une vieille tapisserie.

"Depuis, bien d'autres tableaux d'un goût exquis, la *Reine des Epées* [*Queen of the Swords*], *l'Antichambre*, *le Décavé* [*Hard Hit*] ont placé Mons. William Quiller Orchardson au premier rang des petits maîtres du genre."

To the English reader Mons. Chesneau's assertions that Orchardson's pictures are "little if at all English" and "might figure without causing remark in the school of Düsseldorf" will seem both strange and bold,

Mrs. Orchardson.
By permission of W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A.

and we shall see presently that his conjectural explanation has no foundation at all. But the remainder of his estimate strikes me as

On the North Foreland.
From the picture in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House.

sound, although, no doubt, one or two of the phrases mean little more than that Orchardson does not paint quite as a Frenchman would. An

interesting question is suggested by his dictum that the painter's colour is "delightful, and as harmonious as the back of an old tapestry." Other French writers were not so kind—"*âcre*" and "*crue*" were the best epithets they could find for the English master's colour, and in view of the line taken by English painting since 1878 it is likely enough that their strictures would find many sympathizers on this side of the Channel. But colour is a large subject, and what I have to say about it in connection with Orchardson must be postponed to a later page. Here it will be enough to confess my agreement with Mons. Chesneau's comparison of Orchardson's colour schemes, before 1880, with the delicious harmonies in gray which meet you when you pull out an old arras from the wall, and examine the side which time has modulated without the help of dirt.

VII

Orchardson first blazed out into popularity in 1881. To the exhibition of that year he sent the large picture *On Board the "Bellerophon,"* which was bought by the Council of the Royal Academy in their capacity as Chantrey's Trustees. He had always been a believer in Napoleon. The modern conception of the first French Emperor—the idea which has found its strongest expression, perhaps, in the volumes of Mdme. de Rémusat and the history left incomplete by Lanfrey—had never made a home in his mind, and those who talked to him on the subject ten years ago stumbled on a forecast of the notions which are now, thanks to Marbot, Sardou, Masson, and a number of other incongruous people, again beginning to group themselves round the figure of the *Petit Caporal.* Every one, I suppose, has a right to his own conception of such an apparition as Napoleon. His orbit was so far above the plane in which most of us move that it is difficult to get him into any rational perspective. We may guess at his motives by analyzing our own, but a single consideration is enough to make us doubt the result. The vast majority of mankind is unable to see conduct otherwise than in the light of inherited and instilled notions. It is unable to comprehend an individual in whom the intellectual powers are so audacious, independent, and self-reliant, that, by their own action, they can wipe out any inherited prejudice whatever. It is absurd to think of Napoleon as of a man believing in the usual morality, and deliberately outraging it for his own purposes; absurd to paint him, as one writer has done, disturbed by no qualms over the fate of the *Grande Armée*, but blenching at the name of the Duc d'Enghien. He was one of those to whom the distinction the world

chose to make between devastating a neighbour's country and shooting an inconvenient prince in the ditch of Vincennes seemed purely fantastic; still more fantastic would he think it to have such incidents turned into footrules to measure his own stature. He belonged to a system outside all this. He looked upon himself as a sort of kosmic force, and, like a kosmic force, he put the individual out of sight in taking measures for the triumph of an idea. The only question, perhaps, worth an answer in this connection is the very large one, Was his final impulse selfish or ideal? Did he devastate the Continent to make his own name blaze in history, or because he had the ambition to do for the world at large what he had done for the laws of France and for the constitution of the Comédie Française? Between these two explanations each man will choose according to his own predilection: Orchardson chose the latter. His Napoleon on the deck of an English ship of the line is an imprisoned force. It is not only a great soldier, not only an absolute ruler, not only a disappointed man, we see there. It is an embodiment of will, of order, of control, arrested for the moment by a vexatious accident. Grant that small, square, deep-thinking, firmly planted personality a respite from physical decay, and at the first opportunity it will be back at the work of bringing order out of destruction, or, if you like, clearing the site for a new civilization.

You may say that all this is inconsistent with Napoleon's picture of himself, especially with that part of it in which we see him anxious about the verdict of posterity. You may say, too, that my reading of the painter's intention in the *Bellerophon* picture is contradicted by the Napoleon he himself painted twelve years later. This second picture is the *St. Helena*—1816, which was at the Academy in 1893. Here the captive is by no means an heroic figure; but he has been a captive for a year. For a year he has been controlled by his inferiors. For a year his vivid, all-embracing, essentially constructive imagination has hurtled against those of men to whom life is routine. For a year he has been a caged eagle, conscious of his wings and of his ability to face the sun, and yet chained down by wingless, blinking mortals, to whom even his own glory had been a thing too dazzling to look at and comprehend. A painter might well choose such a change to give point to his drama, and yet I must confess that, to me, Orchardson seems to have slightly over-

Study for the figure of Napoleon at St. Helena.
By permission of W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A.

done the contrast. In his second *Napoleon* we may trace a combination of impatience with solicitude, of irritability with a desire to put his best foot foremost, which do not grow inevitably out of the checked but irresistible personality of twelve months before. To me he even seems to have painted his idol concocting a lie, and the secretary knowing he is doing it. On this I do not animadvert from a moral but from an artistic point of view. It seems an error in proportion. The painter, of course, justifies himself, or rather, to be more exact, the presumptuous critic finds an excuse for what the painter has done, in the plea of physical decay, in the consideration that "General Bonaparte" had, in 1816, already begun to understand that his time was short, and that, if he would leave such a portrait of himself as he would like the world to accept, he must make haste and get it done. I may put it another way. A novelist writes a story. Through the main development of his tale he takes full thought for the logical sequence of his events, for the natural growth of his characters, for the due presentation of the catastrophe. So far his bow is at full stretch. His style is at the level of his theme. But afterwards he cannot resist the temptation of a little more. In pity, perhaps, for the curiosity of his readers, he lifts the curtain he has just rung down, and, in a few hurried, formless sentences, he lets you see the peace of the widow, the philoprogenitive delights of the married lovers, or, may be, when the writer is a cynic, the otiose triumph of the villain. It is anticlimax all round. The style sinks with the theme, and too often the postscript is to the novel what the call before the curtain is to the tragedy consummated before it fell. In painting his second *Napoleon* Orchardson yielded perhaps to a similar temptation; the way in which he conducted himself therein shows that he knew well enough that the great French Emperor came to his end on the deck of an English man-of-war.

So far I have said nothing of the pictorial constitution of this *On Board the "Bellerophon."* It is, in fact, unmistakable. The æsthetic and the intellectual elements alike find their focus in the Emperor's figure. All the rest is complement, complement rightly placed and just in proportion, balancing the masses, picking up and resolving the lines, completing the chords of colour. Orchardson is often blamed for his empty spaces. The truth is that his spaces—and, I confess, they are

often ample enough—are seldom empty. They are filled with subtle colour modulations, with the infinite echoes of a harmony which never

Study for the figure of Madame Récamier.

dies completely into silence. Almost the only exception I can call to mind occurs in the picture we are now discussing. The mainsail

of the *Bellerophon* seems "blinder," more monotonous and opaque, than it need have been. But that seems a pettifogging fault to find.

Orchardson followed up his success of 1881 by building on a less satisfactory theme a still more perfect work of art. The incident which took his fancy is one of those too numerous events in the life of Voltaire which prevent him, as a personality, from looming over the life of his day at the height his intellect would justify.

In the book already quoted, Chesneau complains that English pictures too often compel a reference to the catalogue before they can be understood. He goes on, with some simplicity, to find a partial excuse for this in the idea that the English public is much more literary in its tastes than the French, and "se tient très généralement au courant de toutes les publications. Les personnages," he adds, "de l'histoire et du roman lui sont donc bien plus familiers qu'ils ne le sont en France." Unhappily for our *Voltaire*, his next sentence is equally true, and here it is: "Les artistes de la Grande-Bretagne n'ont souci que du public de la Grande-Bretagne. Leurs œuvres quittent rarement leur île. Ils sont donc sûrs d'être toujours compris." But the life of Voltaire, epoch-making person though he was, is not currently known in England. Among all the half-million persons who passed through the Academy turnstiles in 1882 it would have been difficult to find a hundred to whom the title of Orchardson's picture would have been explanation enough without the extract in the catalogue. As I hope these pages may be read by some outside that small minority, as *Voltaire* is, perhaps, Orchardson's masterpiece in its class, and as a book is, after all, the better for explaining itself, I may be excused if I repeat the story.

It is about 1720. A large party is dining with the Duc de Sully. Among the guests are the young Arouet de Voltaire and the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot, notorious for usury and cowardice, vices not often allied with the *grands noms* of France. Voltaire ventures to contradict some assertion of the Chevalier's, who thereupon calls out with a sneer: "Who is this young man who talks so loudly?" "Monsieur le Chevalier," replies Voltaire, "it is one who, if he cannot boast a great name, at least knows how to make the name he does bear honoured." The chevalier goes out in a cool fury, and the company thank his conqueror for driving him off the field. Presently comes one with a message to

W. Q. Orchardson. pinx. *E. Jenkins. Pl. Sc.*

Master Baby.

Voltaire, seducing him into the street by one of those tales of distress to which his ears were never closed. A great racket ensues, and in a few minutes Voltaire reappears in the dining-room, his clothes disordered, his wig awry, his face inflamed with rage, and calls on his host to avenge an outrage to himself just consummated on the person of his guest, who has been set upon and beaten by the footmen of Rohan. Sully, with many shrugs and phrases of regret, excuses himself from avenging a *roturier* on a ruffian of his own caste.

There is the subject, and we cannot deny that it leaves too much outside the canvas to be an ideal one for pictorial treatment. On the other hand, it lends itself superbly to design and colour. The splendid room, the long table with its load of glass and gold, the figures about it, richly dressed and expressing a variety of emotions in the subtle way proper to a well-bred crowd, the deprecating duke, and the little flaming personality on which the interest is focused, all this gives an opportunity for characterization, for the sort of design which pursues coherence through the most changeful and apparently capricious rhythm, for a decorative scheme of colour, incessantly developing itself out of itself, like a fugue in music. Looking at its organization, nothing could be better than the *Voltaire*. The walls of the room, the stooping servants busied at the sideboard, the long perspective of the table and the men about it, the warm-toned oak parquet, all these form a background against which is set, exactly in the right place, the cool, silvery passage which is the figure of Voltaire. The violence of the little gentleman is undeniably a blot, and, as it was a necessary outcome of the choice of subject, that choice had to be justified. The painter has gone far to afford that justification by the quality of his art.

Voltaire was bought by Mr. Schwabe, and forms part of his gift to his native city of Hamburg.

Twice more Orchardson returned to the vein he had struck so successfully in 1882—in *The Salon of Madame Récamier* of 1885, and *The Young Duke* of 1889. I put these in the same class as the *Voltaire*, because the pictorial inducement in each case was the opportunity given by a picturesquely accoutred crowd in a picturesque interior. In such a subject his correct but facile and intensely personal draughtsmanship could enjoy itself to the top of its bent; his light, dexterous, occasionally

meticulous, handling could revel among such gauds as epaulets, sword-hilts, Gouthière mounts, glass and gold and silver plate; while in the passions only half hidden under the conventional masks of society he found satisfaction for his desire at all costs to get character. "Character I must have," I have heard him say; "good character if possible, but, if not good, then give me bad!" There was plenty of both in the salon presided over by Juliette Récamier and Germaine de Staël; and it is not all good character that peeps from beneath the wigs in *The Young Duke.*

Our illustration makes it needless to describe the arrangement of the *Madame Récamier.* Here again the painter hit upon a telling arabesque. The opposition of the deep, dark masses on the left to the higher-toned and smaller groups on the right is managed with consummate tact, while through the whole runs a subtle cadence of line, of which some indication is given to those who have only these pages to refer to in the beautiful sketch we reproduce (page 49).

It would be impertinent, perhaps, to say much on the subject treated in this picture. Every one knows enough about the most famous, if not the most notorious, of the Parisian salons to understand all that Orchardson has here to tell them. It may, nevertheless, be as well to remind the reader that the room in which all these soldiers, diplomats, and men of letters are assembled is not that drawing-room in the Rue de Sèvres to which our thoughts turn most readily at the words *Salon de Madame Récamier.* It is the earlier salon, the throne of which the fair Récamier had to share with the brilliant and by no means fair De Staël. The presence of Lucien, of Bernadotte, of Necker's daughter herself, is enough to show that the time was not yet when half the patronage of the French minister had to pass through the hands of the sexless beauty.

The subject of *The Young Duke* is all upon the canvas. A young grandee has come of age, and celebrates his manhood by feasting his men friends. Pictorially, it is a variation on the *Voltaire.* Putting aside the suggested drama—tragedy or comedy, as it strikes you—of the earlier picture, the materials are the same in both cases, and the new creation is little else than the old looked at from a different point of view. Again we have the shimmer of tapestry and gilded mouldings for a background, a line of periwigged and be-satined men for population, a table with its

Madame Récamier.
By permission of John Aird, Esq., M.P.

load of furniture and its white cloth for nucleus. The focus and the trend of the masses are different, and the element of opposition—furious Arouet versus impassive Sully and Co.—on which the vitality of the *Voltaire* so greatly depended, is absent altogether, unless, indeed, the freshness of the bowl of roses, with its silent protest against the dissipation going on within its scent, may be taken to supply it.

VIII

The most popular of all Orchardson's pictures is probably the *Mariage de Convenance*. The group to which it belongs includes its sequel, *After*, and such domestic scenes as *A Social Eddy*, *Her Mother's Voice*, *An Enigma*, *If Music be the Food of Love*, *play on*, *Hard Hit*, *Her First Dance*, and *Music*, *when Sweet Voices die*, *vibrates in the Memory*. All these, with the one exception of *After*, explain themselves, or rather require no explanation. They afford glimpses into the kaleidoscope of society, which you cannot fail to interpret satisfactorily to yourself, and may be classed with those social notes, suggesting much, but putting no dots on the i's, which threaten to supersede the regular short story, just as the latter has half superseded the novel.

The *Mariage de Convenance* speaks a language every man and woman who sees it can understand. The fairly respectable *viveur*, *rangé* at last, and settled down—in his own belief, poor man !—to the quietude of good dinners, good wines, and a handsome wife, with nothing exciting to think about for the rest of his days but the monthly checking of his bank-book, is a not uncommon sight. Every one understands it when they see it, and, happily for the peace of the world, the discontent perceptible on the face of Orchardson's heroine develops into a shattering of all these comfortable arrangements with less frequency than one might expect. This picture shows all Orchardson's usual judgment. The proportions between the figures and the canvas, the placing of the table furniture, the opposition of the two men to the one woman—put the butler beside the lady and you ruin the composition—are all *right*; that is, they work actively together towards the winning of unity, while the pattern of the chiaroscuro and the envelope of atmosphere and colour fall smartly into line with the rest. The alertness of the painter's fancy is illustrated by

Study for Mariage de Convenance.
By permission of W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A.

a curious device, which breaks the monotony of the background, and helps to keep it in its place. A shaded lamp stands in the middle of

Reflection.
By permission of Messrs. Laurie and Co.

the table. At the wife's left hand there is a finger-glass. Note the angle at which the lamp-light strikes the water, the angle of incidence; and

then raise your eyes to the left. There, at a point fixed by the angle of reflection, you will find a disk of light, shimmering through the otherwise unbroken shadow. The trick is slight enough; you might call it trivial; but it has its value in building up not only the truth, but the æsthetic balance, of the scene. *After* is an anticlimax in all but art. In colour, in the transparent depth of its shadows and the brilliancy of its quick sparkling points of light, and in the expression of character, it is even better than the *Mariage*. And the insinuation of a departed glory, the quiet, sympathetic fire—a crackling blaze would have spoilt the whole expression of the scene—the one lamp deepening the gulfs of shadow beyond, and the absolute immobility of the single figure, all these emphasize the disappearance of the one disturbing element in the quietude of the first scene. The man's prospective cares have been whittled down to little more than the temperature of his claret.

The painter was in a more tender mood when he conceived *Her Mother's Voice*. It was one of the first things undertaken after his move into Portland Place, and the room, with its wall of glass and hints of palm and fern, is his own back drawing-room. A girl sings to a young man—her *fiancé*, if you like, but Orchardson had no such meaning—while her widowed father lays down his *Times*, and listens with a face full of memories to an echo of the voice which had won him thirty years before. Few things are more impertinent than the suggesting to a painter of some vital change in his work. Nine times out of ten it amounts to nothing less than asking him to make your individuality, and not his own, the *modulus* for his ideas. Still it is not impossible, with some experience and a vast amount of goodwill, to put oneself behind the artist, to see through his brain and eye, and occasionally to hit upon a notion which may have escaped himself, and yet would reinforce his own conception. It may be pure fatuity, but I fancy that if Orchardson had turned his young lady's back to us, reflecting the effect of her song from her companion's face only, his picture would have profited. One difficulty would have had to be overcome—that of keeping the two groups in effective proportion to each other. This is done at present by pushing the couple away into a distant corner, while the old man is brought down, as it were, to the foot-lights. Disturb this arrangement, and the balance would have to be

Music, when Sweet Voices die, Vibrates in the Memory.
By permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner.

reconsidered, but the problem is by no means so insoluble as that of painting a singing mouth which shall be anything but a disfigurement.

Orchardson is a great lover—I won't say admirer, for indeed his fancy is by no means of the kind which blinds its possessor to defects—of the Empire style in furniture as well as other things. His house is filled with it, and more than once the genesis of a picture is to be traced to the purchase of a piano, or a sofa, or a set of chairs. In the series of domestic idyls which we are at present looking at you will find three of these. *An Enigma*, perhaps the finest of the three, would never have existed just as it is but for the introduction into the painter's household of the ample, curly-ended sofa, on which his man and woman, his *jeune femme* and *roué*, are at some cross purpose not closely defined even to their creator himself. Again, *If Music be the Food of Love, play on* is the portraiture of a superb, five-pedalled bronze and *ormoulu*-mounted grand piano, weighted with an incident which, no doubt, it may have seen many a time during its lifetime of ninety years. Another piano, a vertical, harp-shaped engine, recalling with a difference the cupboard-like machines still to be found in the back regions of most old provincial houses, suggested an exquisite little picture most unsympathetically treated by the hangmen of the 1893 Academy. The design of *Music, when Sweet Voices die, Vibrates in the Memory*, no less than its motive, was determined by the shape of the piano. A young girl, in a pink dress, the long lines of the skirt repeating happily the perspectives of the instrument at which she sits, turns over the leaves of old music-books, or invokes the echoes of half-forgotten airs. It is among the simplest and sweetest of Orchardson's later pictures, excelling in design even the beautiful work we reproduce in our frontispiece. *A Tender Chord* is lovely in colour, but as a creation in line it must yield the *pas* to its sister-picture of two years ago. Here the painter has deliberately concocted a *double entente*. His title may be taken, if you like, to refer to the sounds produced by the young fingers straying pensively over the keys ; but it may refer just as well to the chord of delicate pinkish tones in which most of the work is done. *Her First Dance* is another scene from the days of short waists and conspicuous ankles. A girl stands up to open a ball with a young buck whose self-satisfaction is fanned by the too evident timidity of his partner. The room has not filled yet, and

in its empty spaces the girl looks like a veritable Iphigenia, waiting for the knife. The picture reads like a page from Miss Austen, whose delicate literary workmanship is represented by the delightful colour and airy, silvery tone of Orchardson's painting.

Hard Hit has technical affinities with *Her First Dance.* The ample spacing, the high key, the cool silvery tonality, the infinitely subtle

Her First Dance.
By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell, owners of the copyright.

contrasts of the one picture are repeated in the other. Both are full of light, atmosphere, and tone. In spite of what the hasty critic might call empty spaces, there is no sense of paint. The broad surfaces of white panelled wall play all over with tone and colour. In spite of their superficial baldness they are full of infinity, and not an inch degenerates into mere pigment. Imagine, too, the difficulty of painting all those cards, so that they should seem neither too monotonous nor too various, so that they should at once look what they are, a multitude of squares of

one colour, receiving the light at a hundred ever so slightly varied angles, and each affected, in its own degree and way by its own number of spots of red or black, and fulfilling their proper functions in the scheme. For this part of the picture Orchardson used fifty packs of cards, throwing them down successively at each corner of the table, so that the actual pattern we see represents two hundred packs. The scene recalls the story of how Fox and some kindred spirits once played at Brooks's, from six o'clock one evening to late into the morning of the next day but one, when a servant stood at each man's elbow to tell him what was trumps, and they were all up to their knees in cards! *Hard Hit* was engraved by the late French etcher Champollion—a descendant, I believe, of Champollion the Egyptologist—who contrived to entirely lose its fine tone and delicious colour under an incredible hardness and dryness of method.

W. J. Dreibardson R.A. Pinx.

Walter L. Colls Ph. Sc

An Enigma.

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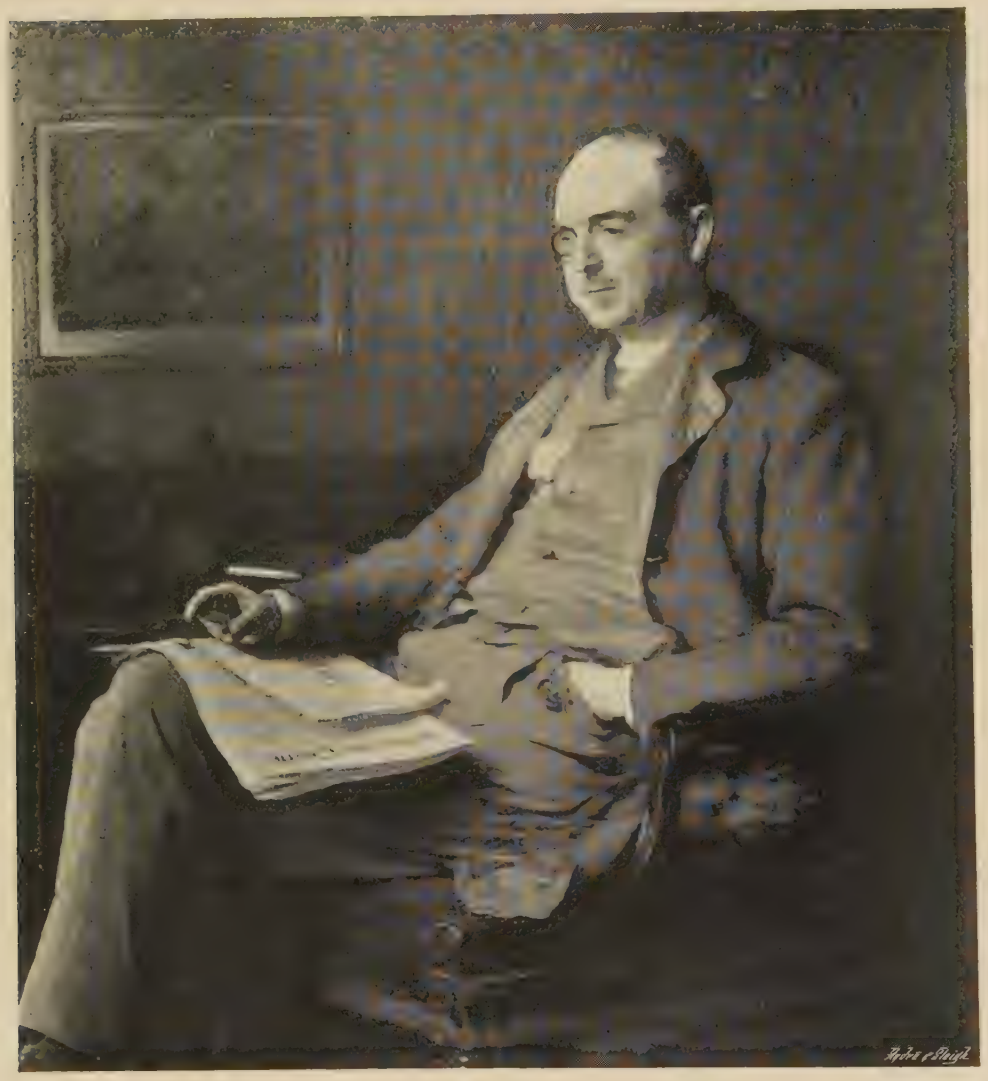
Portrait of Miss Orchardson.
By permission of W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A

ling, by the standards we accept from the French school of the moment, we shall be driven to confess that two or three French and Franco-



Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart.

American painters can beat him. The conceptions of Rembrandt are entirely personal; his objective treatment is governed by the determination to take only what coheres with his individual preferences, modified,

of course, by the necessity for enough truth to prevent any suspicion of incapacity or of poor equipment in himself. Put a head by Rembrandt, say his own head in Lord Ilchester's picture, beside Carolus-Duran's portrait of Pasteur. Compare them in the light of the principles on which the most important section of the French and its affiliated schools work for the moment, and you will be staggered at the result. As a piece of objective truth the Rembrandt will be beaten out of the field. Its colour, illumination, and even to some extent its handling will be recognized as arbitrary. But, nevertheless, you will find the Rembrandt stirring your imagination long after the impression made by the Carolus has faded away. The Dutchman has been able to see the soul, the intellect, the total personality within the outward head, and has been able to select from the facts before him all those, and only those, which actively helped to enforce that personality, and has enhanced them without such violence to truth as to either awaken our resentment or make us doubt his own equipment. Put as shortly as I can contrive to put it, the finest portrait painter is the one who most completely succeeds in building an organic pictorial structure upon the character of his sitter. The sitter gives the keynote, the splendour of the harmony depends upon the artist.

So far as this conviction will guide us, such a portrait as Orchardson's *Sir Walter Gilbey* has a right to a higher place than the best work now being done by any French painter. This does not mean that I want to put our English master on a level with Rembrandt, but simply that the essential principles on which they work are the same, and that those principles alone lead to the highest art. Look at the *Sir Walter Gilbey*, or the *Mr. Moxon*, or the *Mrs. Joseph*, or at a still quieter conception which was at the Academy some ten years ago, *Mrs. Ralli*, or even at his more decorative and less closely organized performances, such as the *Sir Andrew Walker* and the *Professor Dewar*. In these creations you will find a grip on the personalities before him, an instinctive determination to make those personalities his keynotes, and a power to compel every touch he puts upon the canvas to at once give vivacity to the expression of the sitter's character, and to prove, subjectively, that thus and thus only the artist intended to present him, which approach the painter of the *Syndics*, and excel anything of the same kind we ever

Portrait of Professor Dewar.
From the picture at Peterhouse, Cambridge.

now see at the Salon. For the Dutchman and the Englishman objective truth is a medium for the strongest possible enforcement of a subjective, æsthetic conception, while the French school is apt to concentrate its attention mainly on the objective qualities, using the subjective ones merely for control and restraint. On the one side we have passionate, on the other dispassionate, statements; on the one side science in a rich robe of art, on the other science to which art has granted a scanty rag to veil her nakedness.

And this brings me back to the theory from which I started, that all fine art which works through imitation must be a happy mixture of objective and subjective qualities. The imitation or reproduction of objects is the medium through which the personal conceptions have to be made visible, and so it must be good enough not only to avoid giving offence or betraying weakness, but even to give a certain amount of pleasure for its own sake. But as the gratification we receive from the best imitation is both limited in quantity and not of the highest order in kind, it should not be allowed to substitute itself for those subjective, expressional qualities whose power to give enjoyment is as wide as the capacities of the human mind. The objective side of such an art as painting has a limit, which is reached as often by a South Kensington student as any one else. You cannot go beyond illusion in that direction, and yet illusion will only give you the sort of pleasure you derive from looking at a rope-dancer. The subjective side has no limits upwards, although its base, as it were, is limited by the conditions of the materials in which you work. Objectively the artist has to satisfy the critical sense; subjectively he has to stimulate the sympathetic imagination as vigorously as he can. Between these two constituents of a work of art there can be no doubt, I imagine, as to which should hold the higher rank. One exists for its own sake, the other as an antecedent necessity to its companion.

The great charm of Orchardson appears to me to lie in a happy union of these two characteristics. Facts have a powerful fascination for him. Look, for instance, at the heap of maps in his *Napoleon at St. Helena*. These were painted from a set actually prepared for the 1805 campaign in Germany, which the painter spent weeks in hunting up. Evidence to the same effect is conspicuous all over his work.

And yet this scientific interest never gets the upper hand; the modulating personality never yields or slumbers. The cadence of the lines pursues its unerring way through and about every object set upon the canvas, building up and enriching the general harmony, and providing a skeleton, well knit and most dexterously articulated, for the whole conception. To this result his powers of drawing contribute enormously. He is one of the very few painters whose drawing is in their bones. It is sometimes by no means literal; with a pair of compasses and a treatise on proportion you might now and then convict a limb of being too long. But it never fails in subtlety; it is always intensely vital and consistent with the movement of the scene, and it never betrays the slightest sense of labour. He seems, indeed, to revel in feats of draughtsmanship which almost any other painter would avoid. Into a small picture, which may possibly be seen at the next Academy —the subject is a young woman in a conservatory—he has gratuitously introduced about as irksome an object to draw as can well be imagined. It is one of those hammered iron tripods, in which all sorts of intricate curves have to be followed through their convolutions with extreme precision if, at the end, they are to look at all probable and organic. Who else would add to the difficulties of such a subject as the *Young Duke*, the extra task of putting in a *nef*, with all its complication of ropes, ports, and arbitrary bends and planes? Look at our plate after *Hard Hit.* Note the crystal chandelier, with its dozens of scintillating pendants and the skeleton of gilded bronze peeping through them here and there. Let your eye search among the various *dejecta* from a night of dissipation which load a side table, and you will find all sorts of unconsidered trifles which help to tell the story, such as the wig of the chief swindler, hung inside out upon a bottle, so that its owner's head may stay cool enough for his purpose. All these things are drawn with delightful precision and painted with an unsurpassable eye for their envelope of light and colour. Turn back to our reproduction of his study for the head, shoulders, and arms of Madame Récamier. Who has excelled it in elegance and in that justness of accent in which lies the highest test of draughtsmanship? Slight as it is, the best drawings of many men more famous as draughtsmen would look amateurish beside it.

The late Sir A. B. Walker, Bart.
By permission of Sir Peter Walker, Bart.

About his colour there may be more dispute. Occasionally it rises to a very high level indeed, as in the *Voltaire*, and such less ambitious

Mrs. Joseph.
By permission of Mrs. Joseph.

things as *A Tender Chord* and *Music when Sweet Voices die.* In his early period it was full of the most delicate grays, and was as a rule

silvery in tone. I have already quoted the similitude found for it by Mons. Ernest Chesneau, which so happily characterized the harmonies of green, gray, gray-brown, and blue we find in so many of his pictures before 1880. Since that date a tendency towards a brassy yellow has occasionally over-asserted itself, and perhaps he has been a little over-fond of schemes in which the chief and all the minor parts were played by a brownish buff! But when at his best, as in the three pictures just named, Orchardson has no superior as a colourist. Just now, when we so often hear the painter restricted in theory to a bare imitation of natural colour, this assertion will not find general acceptance. And yet the objectors themselves will go down on their knees before the *Bacchus and Ariadne* of Titian, the *St. George* of Tintoretto, the *Rape of the Sabines* of Rubens, and a hundred other pictures in which a gorgeous convention has been substituted for any attempt to render the literal tints of nature. The question, again, is one of the due proportions between subjective and objective elements, only that here we at last find these opposing, or parallel, or complementary qualities, which ever we may elect to call them, difficult to reconcile. It is enough for the present to point out that those in whom the world agrees to see its greatest colourists have been the most personal in their dealings with colour, have taken the widest liberties with nature, have shown the greatest audacity in elaborating splendours of their own in which to clothe the sedateness of the world about them.

The final verdict on Orchardson will have to be given by posterity, but he who can put fine colour and exquisite design at the service of a sound judgment and of an essentially pictorial imagination, may trust his reputation to his pictures with complete equanimity.

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Cleopatra landing at Tarsus.

CLAUDE LORRAIN

PAINTER & ETCHER

By

GEORGE GRAHAME

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*** *The Author of the following chapters desires to thank those owners of Claude's works in England who have kindly allowed him access to their collections; and also to acknowledge his indebtedness to Lady Dilke's admirable volume, "Claude Lorrain, sa Vie et ses Œuvres."*

CLAUDE LORRAIN

CHAPTER I

CLAUDE LORRAIN—HIS CENTURY AND HIS SURROUNDINGS

Claude Gellée, more familiarly known as Claude le Lorrain, was born with the seventeenth century and died in the eighty-second year of it. With the exception of his boyhood and two years of wandering, the whole of his long life was passed and all his work was executed in or near Rome. "An age," it has been said, "is like climate; the hardier may escape its influence in much, but the hardiest will not escape its influence entirely."

Claude's temperament, so far from being a hardy one, was somewhat feminine. It certainly did not escape the influence of his age. It may be well, therefore, before entering into any details about the artist's life, before attempting to appraise his work, to say a few words about his century and his surroundings.

The seeds of corruption sown by the sixteenth century began to germinate before that century had passed away. In the next they produced the most noxious crop of weeds that ever choked the growth of Humanity. The freedom, the vigour, and the originality of the earlier Renaissance had given place to an absolutism which set its stamp on every manifestation of men's minds—religion, politics, letters, art. Every conception and every production of the age was cramped into an artificial mould, or escaped from it only to burst into eccentricity or bombast.

In art this is peculiarly evident.

The sixteenth century closed, as has been finely said, "like a grave over the great art of the world."

In the seventeenth Velazquez and Vandyck alone sustain a dignity inherited from the past. In Holland is a new school of artists, some of whom strive to live with Nature and interpret her ways. From Rembrandt comes a flash of genius. But among those who profess to carry on the tradition of the older art, all, or nearly all, is swagger and sentimentality. It was the seventeenth century which gave birth to science and to reason, to the basis and to the methods of modern life and thought. But like the stag in the fable, the century was least proud of its chief merit. It gloried in its vanities and foibles. The attitude of Urban VIII. and the Roman Curia towards Galileo, that of Charles II. and his courtiers towards the Royal Society, are good instances of the two chief points of view—a rigid intolerance and an amused condescension—from which the great ones of the earth regarded all scientific research.

Of the vanities and foibles of the age, as of all the amenities of life, Rome was still the centre-point in the seventeenth century. Neither London nor Paris, even with the added splendour of Versailles, could vie with the attractions of the Papal capital. Spon, who visited Rome in 1675, gives a description of it in which he extols all the attractions of the place—the libraries where students could consult the rarest books; the concerts in churches and in palaces; the splendid collections of sculpture and painting, ancient and modern; the magnificent buildings of every age; villas covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions; the crowds of strangers from all countries; the gardens worthy of paradise, &c.

Rome, in fact, in the seventeenth century was the counterpart of Paris in our own, the stage of Europe, the favourite abode of sovereigns in exile (not so plentiful in those days as now), such as Christina of Sweden, the rendezvous of all lovers of pleasure, the goal of every artist, the mart of all the elegances of life. It was from Rome that the fashionable society of Europe borrowed its tone and its sentiment, as it got its gloves, soap, perfume and the cut of its clothes.

Such was the position which Rome occupied in the eyes of the world. Let us glance at the place. The task which Nicholas V. had

bequeathed to his successors of rebuilding and refortifying Rome had been prosecuted with more or less zeal by the Popes of the fifteenth century. Their energy was however chiefly expended on the great Basilica of St. Peter's, and upon the fortifications. Towards the end of that century, Sixtus V., taking a wider scope, set to work *con furore* to embellish the city with new palaces, new bridges and new fountains. Under this Pontiff and, in a somewhat less degree, under those who succeeded him down to the end of the seventeenth century, Rome underwent a process of transformation similar, although less painful in its results, to the transformation in our own day of Papal Rome into the New Rome, the capital of United Italy.

The building mania which prevailed in Rome in the seventeenth century seems to us incredible. It spared nothing. With all its vaunted admiration for the remains of antiquity it did not hesitate to destroy or despoil those remains, when by so doing it could raise some edifice to its own greater glory for the time being. It has left us scarcely a single scrap of Gothic architecture in Rome—Gothic indeed being to the refined taste of that day an utter barbarism. It entirely swept away every vestige of mediæval Rome, and set on the city that stamp of the *barocco* which it preserved down to the last years of the Papal power. We must realise the passion of that day for architecture to understand the prominent position which architecture occupies in the pictures of the period.

All these new buildings offered an extensive field for the painter and the sculptor, for every inch of them had to be adorned and decorated, the taste of the age abhorring anything like an empty space and understanding nothing of the dignity of repose. Painting had almost ceased to be an art, to become a craft. The masters who were most esteemed were those who could work the fastest, everybody, more particularly the Popes, being in a great hurry to see their edifices completed. These masters were, many of them at least, contractors rather than artists. They prepared the designs, borrowing freely from their great predecessors and set their assistants to work on them. Their assistants were a horde of hungry painters who poured into Rome from all sides, attracted quite as much by the desire of gain as by that of study, a worthless lot both as men and artists if we may judge from the majority of their productions, and from

an ill-natured anecdote told by Passeri about Agostino Tassi, the master of Claude. Tassi's protector, Paul V., remarked in the hearing of some of his courtiers that he held all painters in poor esteem, having been always deceived by any of them with whom he had had to do, with the exception of Tassi. The bystanders were surprised, not at the statement, but at the exception, Tassi being notorious for his lies, his quarrels and his licentious living. Asked for an explanation, the Pope replied that he had never been deceived by Tassi for, from the first, he had believed him to be what he afterwards proved that he was—an unreliable rascal !

With the change which came over the outward aspect of Rome there came a change in the population.

The people who lived in these fastuous new palaces were no longer of the same race that had graced the courts of the Medici and the Farnese.

Not indeed that the old Roman families were extinct.

The Colonna and the Orsini still stood at the head of the ancient aristocracy, and, if their followers in these degenerate days only occasionally did a little stabbing in the streets under cover of the dark, the heads of the two houses squabbled valiantly for precedence at court, each in turn shutting himself up in a pet in his palace when the *pas* had been granted to his rival.

Side by side however, with the old families new ones had sprung up. Each successive Pontiff hastened to confer benefices and titles on a swarm of kinsmen and countrymen. Sixtus V. founded the system. His successors improved on it. Thus a new aristocracy came to be formed. It was thus that the Peretti, Aldobrandini, Borghesi, Ludovisi, Barberini and others came by their wealth and position.

Each new Pope, it is true, generally endeavoured to make the relations and creatures of his predecessors disgorge their ill-gotten gains. The Popes however could not always carry things with a high hand; sometimes they were obliged to temporise, the families in question having taken root by their wealth or by intermarriage with the older aristocracy, for the real *noblesse* did not disdain to give its daughters to these *nouveaux riches*.

It was these *nouveaux riches* who were the great patrons of art. They required to surround themselves with all the trappings of their rank.

Landscape with Figures. Dresden Gallery.
From a photograph by Messrs. Braun, Clément & Cie. By permission

They stocked their palaces with marbles as they did their stables with horses. A picture gallery was as much the appurtenance of a man of quality as was a gorgeous coach. Admiration of Art meant the pride of possession, not the worship of the beautiful.

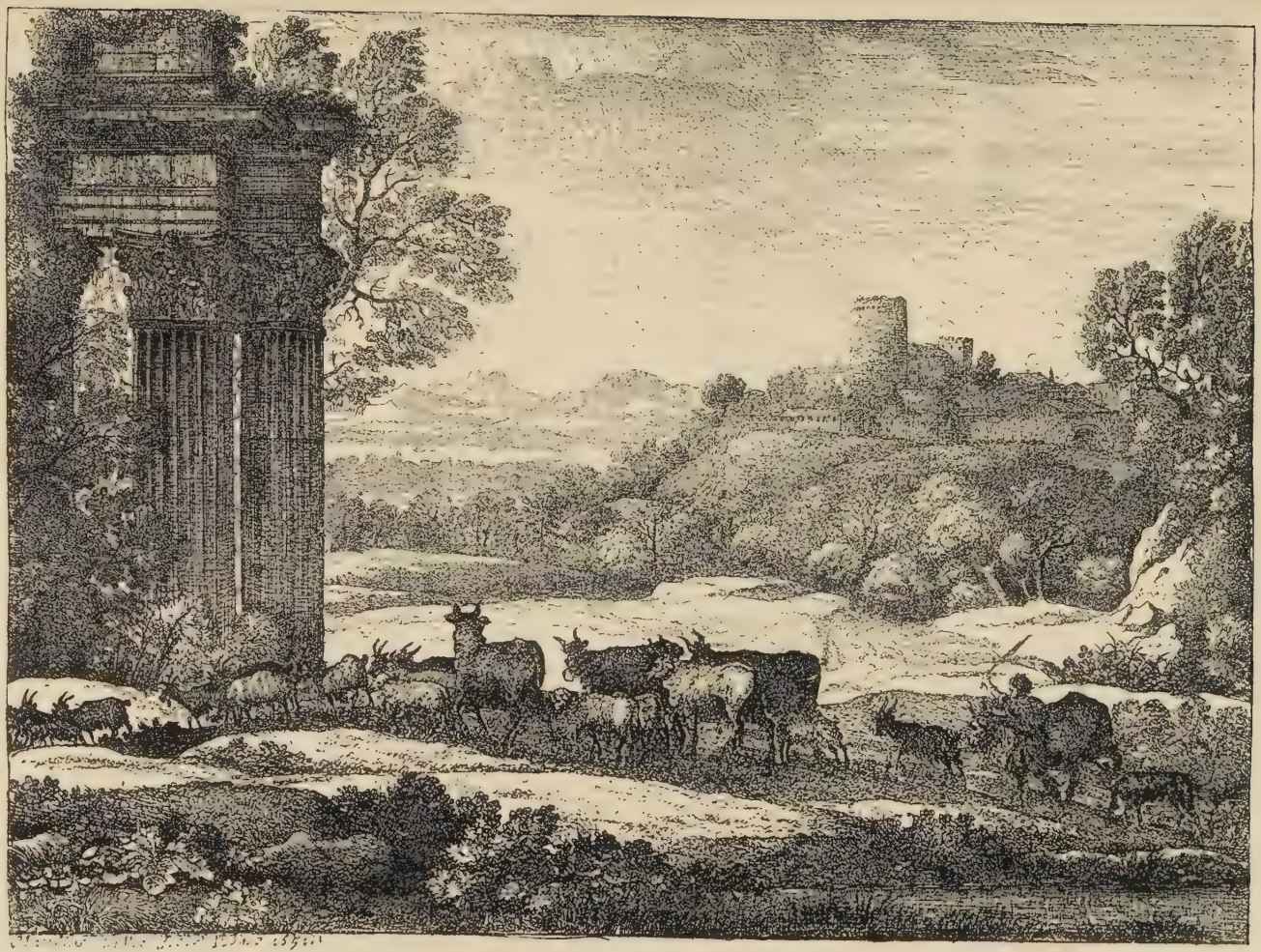
Such were the prelates and the princes who bought Claude's Classic landscapes with their elegant composition, their majestic trees and their incidents borrowed from the Bible or from mythology. Can we wonder if, painting under the shadow of these pretentious palaces, under the eye of those Monsignori rustling in silk and lace and Latinity, Claude should have allowed the artificial atmosphere of his age to mingle with that of Nature? Surely the marvel is not that he should have been somewhat artificial, but that he should have been so natural as he was. The age rather than the artist was chiefly responsible for his shortcomings.

CHAPTER II

EARLY LIFE

Claude Gellée was born in the year 1600 at the hamlet of Chamagne in the diocese of Toul, and the Duchy of Lorraine, whence he acquired the name *le Lorrain* by which he is best known. In Claude's day Chamagne was of more importance than in our own, thanks to the neighbouring château, once a commanderie of the Knights Templars, subsequently the seat of the seigneurs of Chamagne, whence the place was sometimes called Château-Chamagne.

Of the château scarcely a trace now remains. The village numbers about 650 souls. It lies close to the northern boundary of the modern department of the Vosges. The name of Gellée is not yet extinct. M. François Gellée, now aged seventy, son of a former *maire* of Chamagne, is a lineal descendant of one of the painter's brothers, and several other inhabitants of the place claim kinship with Claude. The house in which the artist was born still exists, having been carefully preserved by the Gellée family, in whose possession it remained until three years ago, and by the *Association des Artistes Lorrains*, who then bought it with a view to making of it a kind of museum of relics of the painter and copies of his



Driving the Cattle to the Meadows. From the Etching by Claude.

works. It stands at one end of the village street. Over the doorway is a tablet of serpentine with the inscription

Ici est né en 1600 Claude Gellée dit le Lorrain, mort à Rome le 23 Nov. 1682.

From the threshold the eye ranges westward over green pasture lands to the meanderings of the Moselle, northward to the forest of Charmes.

Truly no unfitting birthplace for a painter, who all through life loved majestic trees, and widespread waters !

Of the artist's parents, Jean Gellée and Anne Padose, we know nothing, except that they were in humble circumstances and had a numerous family, of whom five were sons, Jean, Dominique, Claude, Denis, and Michel. The kingdom of art is like the kingdom of heaven in this respect, that "a rich man shall hardly enter into it." Like nearly all great artists, Claude, born poor, had to struggle for daily bread all through his boyhood and early manhood.

The story of his life has been told with some differences by two of his contemporaries. One of these is Joachim von Sandrart, a native of Frankfort, who after studying etching and engraving, as a lad, under Peter Isselburg in Nuremberg and painting under Girard Hornthorst in Utrecht, betook himself, in company with the latter, to England. Here he gained the good graces of the king and the Earl of Arundel, and might have looked forward to a brilliant career. Alarmed however, by the murder of the Duke of Buckingham and by the threatening aspect of the political horizon Sandrart quitted London in 1628, and after a tour through Italy, took up his abode for five or six years in Rome, where his work, both as a painter and engraver, seemed to have pleased the taste of the day. In 1635 Sandrart returned to Germany, and finally settled down in Nuremberg, where he wrote several books on Art, amongst them the *Teutche Academie der Edlen Bau-Bild- und Malerei Künste*, first in German in 1675, then in a Latin translation, *Academia nobilissimæ Artis Picturæ* (1683).

This volume contains many interesting details about painters of note whom the author had known, amongst others about Claude, whose intimate friend and companion Sandrart had been in Rome. The other biographer is Filippo Baldinucci, a Florentine artist, who,

in his *Notizie de' Professori del Disegno*, published from 1684 to 1728, has left us an account of Claude's life and works.

Baldinucci appears to have known Claude in his old age—he tells us that Claude showed him the *Liber Veritatis*—but his information was chiefly derived from Jean and Joseph Gellée, nephews of the artist. On these two accounts all subsequent biographies of Claude have been

Portrait of Claude.
From Sandrart's "Academia Nobilissimæ Artis Picturæ." Nuremberg, 1683.

based. To them must be added such details about the artist's character and financial position as may be gathered from his will, dated 1663, and a codicil of 1670, documents discovered by Signor Bertolotti in the Roman archives, the result of a research instituted by Lady Dilke in 1881.

According to Sandrart, Claude was a dull boy, a very dull boy—*scientia valde mediocri*—and learned little or nothing at school—*parum*,

imo nihil fere, proficeret. The statement is borne out by such scraps of writing as Claude in later years scrawled on the backs of his drawings. In these short notes he jumbles up French, Italian and Latin ; he spells his own name in half a dozen different ways, so much so that in his will he has to record the correct spelling of it as Gellée, and in his attempt to spell other people's names, even those of his best friends, he goes hopelessly astray.

Seeing that there was nothing to be made of the boy as a scholar, his parents apprenticed him to a pastrycook—*pictori quodam arteocratum*, runs the Latin—*pictori* being evidently a misprint for *pistori*. Later Claude set off with some of his countrymen for Rome, "whither," so Sandrart informs us, "the cooks and piemakers of Lorraine had for centuries been accustomed to repair."

Thus far Sandrart. Baldinucci's narrative differs. Claude, he tells us, had lost both his parents by the time he was twelve years old, and was obliged to cross the Rhine and seek a home under the roof of his eldest brother, Jean, who had set up at Freiburg as a wood-engraver and carver. Here Claude remained twelve months, receiving instruction from his brother in the elements of drawing. At the end of that time a relative, a dealer in lace, the production of which was then, as it is now, an important industry in the neighbourhood of Claude's native place, passing through Freiburg, on his way to Rome with his wares, offered to take the boy with him. In Rome Claude found a lodging near the Pantheon, and continued his studies as best he could, apparently unaided. His relative, the lace merchant, having returned to the north, the lad was left to eke out existence on the scantiest means. From time to time his relations sent him small remittances, but the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, and the consequent difficulty of transmitting money, soon deprived him even of these.

Thrown entirely on his own resources, Claude made his way to Naples, attracted thither, it would appear, by the reputation of a German landscape painter, Gottfried Waels.

Of Waels we know little. He had come to Italy some years previously—apparently from Cologne—and, after studying in Rome under Tassi, had established himself at Naples. His work, small landscapes in the elaborate style of Elsheimer, is now very scarce.

Claude remained two years in Naples, studying architecture, perspective and colour under this master. Then he returned to Rome, where he was admitted into the household of Agostino Tassi, from whom he received board, lodging, and "instruction in the best principles of art," in return for his services as stable-boy, colour grinder, and general "slavey." Such is Baldinucci's account. It agrees in the main with that of Sandrart. With regard to the chief discrepancy, viz. as to Claude's apprenticeship to a pastrycook, it has been suggested that Jean and Joseph Gellée, who furnished Baldinucci with the account of their illustrious relative, were led by considerations of their own social dignity to give a more genteel version of Claude's boyhood. The only point of real importance, in which the two accounts do not tally, is as to the instruction from Waels.

Of this Sandrart says nothing. Baldinucci places it before Claude's entry into Tassi's household. We know that Claude was with Tassi as early as 1619 from a deposition made by the latter at that date and discovered some years ago by M. Eugène Muntz in the criminal archives of Rome. In this document Tassi mentions "Claudio di Lorena" as having been one of his assistants—the others are Carlo Borgognone, Bartolomeo fiamengho and a certain Martin Gomassin—in some work at Bagnaia (a little town near Viterbo) for the Cardinal Montalto, a work which occupied the painter two years and a half.

As the principal master of Claude, Tassi deserves some mention. Born at Perugia, in 1566, Agostino Buonamici, surnamed Tassi, repaired as a youth to Rome, where he studied under Paul Bril, one of the many Dutch painters who settled in Rome in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and one of the first artists who painted landscape pure and simple. Tassi, if we may trust Passeri's account, was all through his life a vain, hot-headed scamp. In Florence, whither he had gone in the hope of winning the Grand Duke Cosimo's favour, he was implicated in a serious street riot and relegated for ten years to the galleys at Leghorn. Subsequently he worked under the Salimbeni and the Gentileschi at Genoa. Then he returned to Rome, where he worked for Pope Paul V. and became celebrated for his clever perspective, his ornamental designs and his marines—storms being his *spécialité*. Of his work, now very rare, a few specimens may be seen in Florence and Rome. In his latter

years Tassi—*teste* Sandrart—suffered a good deal from the gout, but despite this, he seems to have been a good-natured man, and to have taken a kindly interest in his starveling pupil.

How long Claude remained under Tassi's roof Sandrart does not tell us. Baldinucci states that he left Rome in April, 1625, and began a series of wanderings, which lasted over two years. His first stage was the Santa Casa of Loretto. Thence he went to Venice; then through Bavaria to his native village in Lorraine.

This short account given by Baldinucci of Claude's journey has been amplified by later biographers and adorned with picturesque details. The painter is said to have remained some time in Venice and to have painted several pictures there. Of these no trace remains.

Venice however, then in the autumn of her splendour, could not fail to make a deep and lasting impression on a mind like Claude's. The seaports lined with stately quays and marble palaces, which all through his life Claude loved best to paint and painted best, were doubtless reminiscences of that early visit to Venice.

The majestic scenery of the Tyrol, on the contrary, does not appear to have struck his imagination. The terrible and the grandiose side of Nature had no attraction for his brush. He left such themes to Poussin and Salvator Rosa.

Some of Claude's biographers, notably Knight Payne, would have us believe that the young painter spent some time at Harlaching, a little village near Munich.

To commemorate this supposed sojourn of Claude at Harlaching a monument, bearing his portrait and an inscription, was erected in 1865 by King Ludwig I. of Bavaria.

Various other incidents related by d'Argenville—*e.g.*, an illness that, towards the end of his journey, laid Claude low, in which condition he was robbed of all he possessed—may be dismissed as apocryphal.

From Chamagne Claude repaired to Nancy, the capital of Lorraine and seat of the Ducal Court, a court famous for its love of luxury and its patronage of the arts.

Through a relative who resided there, Claude was fortunate enough to secure an introduction to Claude Deruet—*Dervent* in Baldinucci's text—painter-in-ordinary to the reigning Duke, Henri II., a favourite

Seaport, with the large Tower. From the Etching by Claude.

of the Prince de Phalsbourg (a bastard of the House of Guise), and all-powerful in the art world of Lorraine. Deruet was a painter of considerable capacity ; M. Meaume indeed esteems him one of the best artists of Lorraine. Born in 1588—at Nancy it is supposed—he went to Rome as a lad, and studied there under Antonio Tempesta and the Cavalier d'Arpino. Returning to Nancy, Deruet painted portraits and decorative designs. His work attracted attention outside Lorraine. Louis XIII. took lessons in painting from him not without profit, to judge from a portrait in *gouache* of the painter by the king, which is treasured in the manuscript department of the Musée Lorrain at Nancy.

Deruet, whose position—he had received letters of nobility in 1621—enabled him to play the *grand seigneur*, received the young stranger graciously, and consented to employ him as one of his assistants.

Shortly after Claude's arrival at Nancy, Deruet was called on by the Prince de Phalsbourg and the Prior of a Carmelite Monastery, erected at the beginning of the century by the grand-nephew of Calvin, to ornament the roof of the newly-built church of the community. On this task Claude was set to work along with Deruet's other assistants. Unfortunately this church and its contents were destroyed during the French Revolution.

Claude's share in the work was, according to Baldinucci, restricted to the architectural ornaments, a kind of work which was the more tedious and distasteful to him, that he had entered Deruet's service on the understanding that he was to be employed in figure-painting. While he was in this frame of mind, an accident which happened to a gilder, who was working side by side with him on the scaffolding, caused the young painter to throw up the uncongenial task. The man, missing his footing, slipped and fell. Fortunately a projecting beam arrested him in his descent. Claude, with considerable courage and presence of mind, managed to rescue him in the nick of time. "This accident, however," says Baldinucci, "had such an effect on our painter that he entirely gave up this sort of work, and ever afterwards had great reluctance in accepting any chance of working which obliged him to paint on a scaffold, although several times in after-life he made an exception to the rule."

We may conjecture that other feelings mingled with that of disgust at the task on which he was employed to induce Claude to the decision which he now took.

The barbarians who poured into Italy in the third and following centuries pretended that none who had once eaten figs could free themselves from the longing to see Italy again. Claude was in a like case. Having tasted the joys of life under a southern sky, he could with difficulty accustom himself to northern lands. His fancies flew back to the sunburnt Campagna and the rippling bays of the Mediterranean. Following them, he set his face southward and made his way towards Italy, choosing this time the most rapid route—*i.e.*, by Lyons to Marseilles. Here, while waiting for a ship to take him to

Old Port of Marseilles. From a Pen drawing by Claude.

Italy—so at least his later biographers relate—he was stricken by an attack of fever, which well-nigh proved fatal. On his recovery he found that he had been robbed of nearly all he possessed.

Forced to cast about for the means to continue his journey, he had the good luck to find a patron in a wealthy Marseillais merchant, who commissioned him to paint two pictures and was so satisfied with them that he would gladly have had more. The young artist, however, was in too great a hurry to regain the classic shore of Italy to allow himself to be any longer detained, and, having earned wherewithal to pay his passage, embarked on a ship bound for Civita Vecchia. On board he found congenial company in the person of Charles Errard of Nantes, who through the influence of Marie de Medicis had become court-painter to

Louis XIII. Errard was now on his way to Rome with his two sons[1] who intended to complete their art education there.

After a voyage beset with dangers and discomfort, owing to a succession of storms, the travellers reached Civita Vecchia.

At last on St. Luke's Day, 1627, after an absence of two years, Claude again set foot within the walls of Rome.

To read the account of his life given by Baldinucci, one would be tempted to believe that Claude at once sprang into notice, and sold his works to wealthy patrons both Italian and foreign. Sandrart however, who arrived about this time in Rome and made Claude's acquaintance there, gives us an account from which we gather that the next few years of Claude's life were years of constant study, and that the results of this study, though in the end they brought both fame and riches, were at first of small pecuniary profit to the painter (*primitus mimimi æstimata*).

"Claude"—it is Sandrart who speaks—"was indefatigable in his endeavour to get a real solid basis of art training, to penetrate into the inmost secrets of nature." Day after day he would be up before dawn and far out into the Campagna. Heedless of fatigue, he would stay there till after nightfall, noting every phase of dawn, straining to seize the tints of sunrise, sunset and the gloaming hours, tints which he would endeavour to match with his colours on his palette. Then in his studio or garret he would set to work with the palette thus prepared, and endeavour to produce a transcript of the effects which he had seen, and which he succeeded in rendering "with a veracity which no painter before him had ever obtained."

Sandrart too was a great lover and serious student of nature. Claude came upon him one day—perhaps this was their first meeting and the beginning of their friendship—near the falls of Tivoli. Sandrart was drawing and painting *from nature*. He lays some little emphasis on this method, as if it were something quite unusual, something of his own particular invention. In another passage of his book he speaks of this method as quite the best and as being—to quote his own

[1] There appears to be some discrepancy here in Baldinucci's account. The young Charles Errard made two journeys to Rome, the first in which he was accompanied by his father and brother in 1621, the second, which must be the one alluded to here, some years later. On this second journey, however, he was, it seems, alone.—Cf. *Claude Lorrain*, Mrs. Mark Pattison (Lady Dilke).

words—"the union of body and soul." Claude adopted this method, gathered fresh courage from it and worked on "with untiring industry and pertinacity."

After this first chance meeting in the open, the two friends spent many a sunny day together at Tivoli, Frascati, Subiaco and S. Benedetto, "making studies of mountains, caves, valleys, the terrible falls, the temple of the Sibyl and such like," or in the gardens of Sandrart's patron Giustiniani drawing trees and flowers. Perhaps the very dis-

Tivoli. From a Sketch in the British Museum.

similarity of their tastes and aims made them the closer friends. Sandrart went to nature for accessories to his historical compositions, and made studies, apparently on a large scale, of "curious rocks, strange trunks of trees, the most leafy boughs, waterfalls, buildings, and big ruins,"[1] while Claude preferred such views as disclosed a wide horizon. Sometimes the two friends would exchange canvases.

[1] Sandrart, *Academia.*

Thus it was that Claude eventually succeeded in producing those landscapes which the connoisseurs of his day sought so eagerly and paid so highly, "giving for them," says Sandrart, "a hundred gold crowns and even more." Before those golden days arrived, however, there was an interval when the young artist was forced to undertake less congenial work.

It was probably at this time that Claude, setting aside his nervous dislike to working on a scaffold, executed some frescoes of which Baldinucci speaks, in the palace of Cardinal Crescenzio in the Piazza of the Pantheon, in that of the Muti family in the Piazza de' Santi Apostoli, and in a large house (*Casone*) belonging to the same family on the Trinità de' Monti. Of the second of these works Sandrart has left us a minute description. The room, it appears, was a lofty one. On the first wall the painter had represented a palace and a forest, on the second a plain with mountains and waterfalls, travellers and animals, and the third a seaport with ships, on the fourth caves, ruins, fragments of statues "with certain wild beasts." The German extols the realistic rendering of the trees "which seemed to be rustling under the breath of the wind," the delicate differentiation of the various planes, the skilful transition from one landscape to another, and concludes his somewhat verbose panegyric by saying that any "connoisseur can judge from this work that our Claude attained the height of renown in painting landscape."

The fashion of frescoing apartments with landscape subjects was not entirely a novelty at that date. It had come into fashion at Rome in the sixteenth century. Claude seems to have carried the style to perfection. We can well imagine how the taste of his day would applaud such *trompe œl'il* effects as Sandrart mentions.

To the seventeenth century it must have seemed almost as great a work of genius to turn a room into an imitation forest, as to plant an alley of trees, lop their lower parts into the semblance of a wall and the upper into arches, or to prune a yew-hedge into the form of a peacock or a pyramid!

The Muti-Papazurri palace still exists. It stands at the corner of the Piazza SS. Apostoli and the Piazza Pilota. Since Claude's day it has changed its owners and its name more than once (it is now known

Sketch from Nature. British Museum.

as Palazzo Balestra), and sheltered more than one figure of history and romance. The tourist glances at it with curiosity as having been the residence of the last of the Stuarts and of the beautiful young Countess Savorelli the "Tolla" of Edmund About's novel.

Lady Dilke was the first to call attention to the existence in this palace of a frescoed room. This room is on the ground floor. It is a long narrow gallery with three windows on each side and a lofty vaulted roof. The walls and the ceiling are frescoed, the latter with cupids and mythological subjects, the former with castles, ruins, trees and stretches of water. Notwithstanding the fact that these frescoes tally only in a very vague fashion with Sandrart's description of his friend's work, and despite a tradition which ascribes them to Poussin and his pupils, it is not impossible that they may be the remains of Claude's work, renovated from time to time by the house painter !

When not engaged in studying in the open air or painting frescoes for his livelihood, Claude would spend his time drawing from the life or from statues at the Academy. In this pursuit he persevered diligently, even to his latest years. His application, so far from being profitable to him, was noxious. The fact is that Claude did possess a certain facility for indicating figures, as is shown by many of his drawings. When however he set himself to elaborate these sketches, to put in all the muscles which the Academic teaching of the day insisted upon, he produced very painful results. In his pictures this defect asserts itself even more plainly. The figures are nearly always painted with all the conscientiousness of incapacity, and with a heavy touch which is entirely out of harmony with the treatment of the rest of the canvas ; the atmosphere which envelops the landscape seems, as it approaches the figures, to become suddenly exhausted, sometimes the sun forbears to cast a shadow !

Of his weakness in this branch of art the painter was fully conscious. He used to say that he sold the landscape but gave the figures. This modest speech contradicts the story attached to a large picture now in Grosvenor House, *The Israelites Adoring the Golden Calf* (*L. V.* 129). Tradition says that this picture was painted for Sir Peter Lely, who particularly requested that the figures might be left for him to paint himself. Claude filled the composition with elaborate groups of figures, over which he appears to have spent much time and trouble, to judge

from the numerous drawings of the subject which have come down to us, with a result which is certainly far from satisfactory. The picture was sent, it is said, with a message to the effect that Lely might take it or leave it.

Following a custom common in his century, Claude had frequently recourse to other artists for the execution of the figures in his pictures, but he always himself carefully indicated their movements and their place in the composition.

Among the painters from whom he derived assistance in this branch were Francesco Allegrini, Filippo Lauri, Jan Miels, and one, perhaps both, of the brothers Courtois, Jacques, called "il Borgonone" and celebrated as a battle-painter, Guillaume, the younger and less known.

It was however in his middle and later periods that Claude had recourse to these collaborators; in his earlier works the figures are nearly always his own, occasionally by Allegrini.

Etching—as we shall see—must have occupied a considerable portion of Claude's time in his earlier years.

A hard worker, both from love of his art and from the necessity of gaining his daily bread, the young Lorrain had little leisure or inclination to mingle in society. With the exception of Sandrart, he does not appear to have had any intimate friends among the cosmopolitan colony of artists in Rome. The most prominent French painter then residing at Rome was Nicolas Poussin, an artist with the general bent of whose genius Claude must have had much sympathy. The character of the two men however was entirely different—Claude, a rustic by birth and breeding, illiterate, simple; Poussin, an aristocrat, a scholar, a would-be-philosopher, not to say a pedant. It would only have been by the law of contraries that these two men could have been friends. We need not therefore be surprised to find no mention of Claude in Poussin's letters. That the two artists were acquainted we know from a passage in the *Academia*, where Sandrart says that he, François du Quesnoy, Claude, and Nicolas Poussin sometimes met to discuss questions of art; in another Sandrart speaks of a sketching expedition to Tivoli, in which Claude, Poussin, and some others took part.

"Absorbed in his work, Claude," says de Piles, "never visited any

one." "Of a kind and sincere nature," says Sandrart, "he sought no other pleasure than that which came to him from his art."

Apart from the intrigue for patronage, apart from the drinking and brawling in taverns in which—*teste* the Roman police records (a fruitful source of information about the artists of that day)—so many of his contemporaries passed a large portion of their lives, Claude led a serene, secluded existence, his days measured by the uprising and the setting of the sun, his soul wrapped in the contemplation of nature, his heart in his work.

When Fame at last came, it would seem as if she had rather courted Claude than Claude her.

CHAPTER III

SUCCESS

How and when Fame first came to Claude we cannot exactly determine.

From Sandrart's account it would seem that before he left Rome (1635) Claude's reputation was firmly established. Thus Sandrart tells us that, among the studies which he received from Claude in exchange for some of his own, was an early morning effect of peculiar merit. This the shrewd German sold to a Dutchman for five hundred florins. Another anecdote points to the same conclusion. Sebastian Bourdon, a French painter remarkable for his wandering and adventurous career arrived in Rome about 1634. Bourdon possessed a remarkable facility for copying the style of other artists, a facility by which he profited in his early days in Rome to procure a livelihood. Having seen in Claude's studio a half-finished landscape, on which the artist had been engaged for a fortnight, Bourdon set to work, and in eight days produced a finished copy of it, executed with such *maestria* that it was hailed by the connoisseurs of Rome as a masterpiece of Claude. Guillet de St. Georges, who tells the story, adds that Claude had the curiosity to go and see the forgery, and was so enraged at it that he would have taken a summary vengeance, had not Bourdon discreetly kept out of his way. Bourdon

A Seaport. From a Drawing in the British Museum.

would scarcely have been at the trouble of counterfeiting the work of a man who had not already won a reputation.

We also know that before Sandrart left Rome Claude had sent for a nephew, Jean Gellée, to whom he intrusted the whole management of his household, even the purchase of his colours, in order to have his time quite free.

From all this we may gather that before 1635 Claude had an established reputation and *clientèle*.

One of Claude's earliest patrons would seem to have been Philippe de Béthune, Comte de Selles et de Charost, who in 1627 was for the second time appointed ambassador of France at the Papal Court.

This nobleman, a younger brother of the great Sully, added to his reputation as a soldier and a diplomat that of a connoisseur of art. During his residence in Rome he formed a collection of pictures by Italian masters. For him Claude painted two fine canvases now in the Louvre, one (Louvre Cat. 310, *L. V.* 9) representing a seaport with a classic arch and a long vista of marble palaces, bathed in the golden light of the westering sun, the other (Louvre Cat. 311, *L. V.* 10) a view of the Campo Vaccino or Forum, as it was in that day—very different from what the excavations of the last twenty-five years have rendered it.

A replica of the latter picture but of inferior merit—possibly by some pupil of Claude's—hangs in the Dulwich Gallery. There is an etching by Claude of the same subject bearing in its first date, the date 1636, which may serve as an indication of the approximate date of the picture.

It was apparently about this time that Claude came under the notice and the protection of Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio, one of the most distinguished prelates of the Roman Court, and one of the ablest diplomatists of the day.

The Cardinal had been Papal Nuncio in Flanders during the wars, and subsequently at the Court of France. As the result of the former mission he published a work entitled *History of the War in Flanders*, which went through several editions in the original Italian, was translated into English, French, and Spanish, and earned for its author a European reputation as a man of letters. From the latter mission he returned having won high favour with Louis XIII., and received the title of

Cardinal Bentivoglio, by Van Dyck. Pitti Gallery.
From a photograph by G. Brogi. By permission.

"Protector of France" at the Papal Court. He lives for us still, "an Italian of the type produced by the counter-Reformation" [1] in the noble portrait, familiar to all visitors to the Pitti, which Vandyck, who was his guest in Rome from 1622 to 1624, painted of him, and in the memoirs which he himself has left us. Unfortunately these memoirs were only carried down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. We are thus deprived of the interesting details which the Cardinal might have given us about the artists and *litterati* whom, in later life, he befriended. For this influential patron Claude painted two landscapes. This commission proved the turning-point in the artist's career. The Cardinal, who was an old and intimate friend of the then Pope Urban VIII., brought these works under the notice of the Pontiff, and aroused his interest in the young painter.

Urban VIII., Maffei Barberini, scion of a great Florentine family enriched by commerce in Ancona, is distinguished in the history of the Papacy mainly for his zeal in fortifying his dominions. "My predecessors"—he is said to have exclaimed—"built monuments of marble, mine shall be of iron." True to this boast he set to work to raise or strengthen fortifications. He has left his mark all over the States of the Church, where the bees embiazoned on his coat of arms occur almost as frequently as the *palle* of the Medicean Popes. He established a factory of arms at Tivoli, stocked the cellars of the Vatican with muskets and ammunition; enlarged and embellished the port of Civita Vecchia. To the energy of a soldier Urban VIII. added considerable merit as a scholar. He was a good Latinist, and loved to set the subjects of the New and Old Testaments to Sapphic and Alcaic measures. His knowledge of Greek won him the flattering epithet of "the Attic bee."

Such was Claude's new patron. From him the artist received at their first interview a commission for four pictures. Two of these, formerly part of the collection of Louis XIV. are now in the Louvre. The one (Louvre Cat. 313, L.V. 14) sometimes known as *The Ancient Port of Messina*, sometimes as *The Combatants*, from a group of figures struggling in the foreground, represents a harbour with the usual perspective of porticoes and palaces, amongst which appears the Villa Medici

[1] J. A. Symonds. *Renaissance in Italy*. "Revival of Learning," p. 27.

(the French Academy of Rome). The whole canvas is illuminated with a ruddy glow of light from the golden orb about to dip below the horizon. Here and there the colour has gone in patches, but not sufficiently to mar the fine general effect.

The other Louvre picture (Louvre Cat. 312, *L. V.* 13) represents a pastoral scene, and is generally known as *The Village Dance*. Under the shade of a lofty gnarled tree some peasants are gathered with their cattle and their dogs. One couple dances to the music of bagpipes, flute, and tambourine. A hunting party has chanced that way. One of the gallants advances, leading forward a village girl to join in the dance. His companions look on. These figures have been attributed to Jan Miels, but M. Emile Michel has pointed out that the execution is quite different to that artist's ordinary work. Moreover, from the fact that this group of figures appears with some slight changes in more than one of Claude's etchings, M. Michel argues that they are more probably Claude's own work. The same critic sees in the landscape a reminiscence of Lorraine. There is certainly nothing peculiarly Italian in the vegetation of the foreground, in the bridge and hamlet which form the middle distance, in the broad sweep of silvery waters bounded by mountains faintly visible through a golden haze. The spot is an Arcady of the artist's own imagination. It is quite possible that in painting it Claude may have had in his mind's eye some of the scenes of his boyhood, some souvenir of truant days in the green meadows watered by the many-branched meanderings of the Moselle near his native hamlet. Both these pictures bear the inscription "CLAUDIO INV. ROMAE 1639." They are the painter's earliest dated works in oil. The other two pictures of the set painted for Pope Urban were a view of *Castel Gandolfo* (*L. V.* 35) and the *Port of Marinella* (*L. V.* 46). The former of these, a small picture painted on panel, still hangs in the Barberini collection; the latter cannot be traced.

When the Pope showed the example, the Cardinals and Monsignori of his court hastened to follow it. Among the great prelates who patronised Claude in the earlier part of his life were Cardinal Rospigliosi (afterwards Pope under the name of Clement IX.), Cardinal Medici, Cardinal Faustus Poli, Prefect of the Vatican, Cardinal Angelo Giorio,

formerly tutor to the Pope's nephews. For the last-named prelate Claude painted no less than seven canvases, three landscapes, three seaports, and a figure-subject. Of this set of pictures one, the earliest, bearing the date 1644, hangs in the National Gallery (5, *L. V.* 43). It represents a seaport at sunset. It is not fair to judge of this canvas in its present state. Many of the pigments seem to have changed. The general tone is a disagreeable foxy red. Two others are now in the Louvre. One of these, dated 1647, represents *Samuel Anointing David King of Israel* (Louvre Cat. 315, *L. V.* 69). The figures are grouped under a Doric portico, an inaccuracy to which Claude's patrons were probably as indifferent as was he himself. This picture, too, has suffered from time and injudicious treatment. Nevertheless in the suffused golden light which pervades the whole canvas and in the delicate values of the middle distance it is a fine work. The other picture, representing *The Landing of Cleopatra at Tarsus* (Louvre Cat. 314, *L. V.* 63), is in excellent preservation, and is esteemed one of the finest of Claude's seaports. The Queen, whose treasure-laden galleys are moored close in shore, has stepped out of a richly caparisoned boat on to a quay strewn with fragments of sculpture. Leaning on the arm of a negro and followed by her handmaidens, she advances to meet Mark Antony, who comes forward from a lofty palace portal with attendant pages. The figures are not fortunate. Indeed, they look like what they are—men and women of the seventeenth century playing in a classical charade. But for us the interest of the picture lies not, in the personages nor in the stately palaces of the most approved classic architecture, overshadowed by spreading trees, but in the cloud-flecked sky, iridescent with the light of a sun new risen and still partially veiled by the morning mist, in the blue waters—barred with a streak of silver light—whose wavelets come lapping up against the galleys and the marble quays.

Claude's reputation was not limited to Rome. Orders soon began to come to him from beyond the Alps. As early as 1644 we find him painting a picture for England, the exquisite little landscape, introducing the fable of Echo and Narcissus, which now hangs in the National Gallery. Many of his works at this period were executed, as the *Liber Veritatis* shows, *pour Paris*, or for French patrons. Amongst them was

The Village Dance. Louvre.
From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Cie. By permission.

M. Passart, the *maître des comptes*, who was also the patron of Nicolas Poussin. For this amateur Claude painted two fine landscapes, one (*L. V.* 79) now in the museum at Grenoble, the other (*L. V.* 89) at Windsor. Both represent views of Tivoli, and are remarkable as being direct renderings of actual scenes rather than classical compositions.

These French commissions were doubtless due in part to the recommendations of M. de Béthune, but it would seem that Claude was in a certain measure indebted to a young fellow-countryman, Jean Nocret. This artist, a native of Nancy, went to Italy to finish his art studies and was employed in Rome from 1643 to 1644 in making copies for M. de Chantelou, the patron of Nicolas Poussin. We find Nocret in the following year settled in Paris with an appointment at court and in enjoyment of the royal patronage. A few years later Claude sent him a little landscape (*L. V.* 97) with figures of St. John and two angels in the foreground, now in the possession of Lord Methuen. It is painted on copper and bears the following inscription :—

"*A Monsieur Nocre paintre [du roy] a Paris faict par moy Claude Gellée lorain lano* 1647 *Romæ pour le faveur que iay receut.*"

In 1644 Claude lost his two most influential patrons, Cardinal Bentivoglio and Urban VIII., who died within a few months of each other. The conclave held in the same year resulted in the election of Cardinal Giambattista Pamfili, who now assumed the tiara under the title of Innocent X. The new Pope, although partly indebted to the Barberini faction for his election, held political views entirely opposed to those of his predecessor. Under Urban French influence had been predominant, under Innocent Spain and the house of Austria regained their former ascendency. The members of the Barberini family, accused of having perverted justice, appropriated benefices, embezzled public money, were driven, one after another, to seek refuge beyond the Alps. Their palaces were seized, their offices bestowed on others, their revenues confiscated.

These changes do not appear to have affected Claude prejudicially. On the contrary he gained by them a new patron in the person of the Pope's nephew, Prince Camillo Pamfili, son of the notorious Donna Olympia Maidalchina, the widowed sister-in-law of the Pontiff. Camillo had been made a cardinal by his uncle, but threw aside the purple to

marry the beautiful Olympia Aldobrandina, the richest heiress in Rome. For Camillo statecraft had no attractions. Leaving his wife and mother to struggle for supremacy, he devoted himself to a life of pleasure and to the collection of works of art. For him Claude painted, as the *Liber Veritatis* records, four pictures (*L. V.* 92, 107, 113, 119). Three of these, a landscape with *Mercury Stealing the Cattle of Admetus*, *The Mill*, and *The Temple of Apollo at Delos*—the two latter perhaps Claude's most celebrated pictures—still form part of the Doria collection at Rome. The fourth picture of this set, *The Ford*, is in the National Gallery at Pesth.

Claude found another new patron at the Papal Court about this time—the Duc de Bouillon. This nobleman, a Huguenot by birth, and elder brother of the great Turenne, had inherited the brilliant military capacity, the turbulent disposition and passion for intrigue which distinguished his father. A sworn enemy of Richelieu, he was implicated in the conspiracy of Cinq Mars, arrested and thrown into prison. Thanks to the stratagem of his courageous wife, who seized Sedan and threatened to hand it over to the Spaniards if her husband was not at once set free, he obtained his release. Feeling that his life was in danger in France, he sought refuge at Rome. There, with the same nonchalance with which his father had become a Protestant, the Duke changed his creed, and was appointed commander-in-chief of the Papal forces. For him Claude painted a replica, with some variations, of *The Mill*, or, as it is otherwise called, the *Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca*, and another picture, a seaport, entitled *The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba*. Both canvases bear inscriptions with the date 1648. These two celebrated pictures, generally known as the "Bouillon Claudes," were taken to Paris by the Duke, when, having patched up a peace—not, however, of long duration—with the King and Mazarin, he returned to France. They hung in the Hôtel de Bouillon on the Quai Malaquais till the French Revolution. They were then brought to England, and became part of the Angerstein collection, the nucleus of our National Gallery. Of them more anon.

Another French personage of high standing, who in this same year, 1648, patronised Claude, was the Duc de Liancourt, the husband of Jeanne de Schomberg, famous for her talents and her virtues.

The Duke, if he was far from sharing all the virtues of his wife was like her a great lover of art, indeed so strong was his passion for pictures that on one occasion, when his wife lay at death's door, he vowed that, if she recovered, he would sell 50,000 francs worth of his pictures—the greatest sacrifice he could make—and give the money to the poor.

Two pictures, *The Ford* and *Ulysses restoring Chryseis to her Father*, which Claude painted for the Duc de Liancourt and now in the Louvre. The former has been ruined by the restorer, the latter is still, despite the influence of time, a fine canvas. To both there clings a sentimental interest from the fact that they once adorned the walls of the beautiful Château of Liancourt, famous as the rendezvous of the noblest spirits of that day, now utterly swept away.

About this time the artist was also working for a German potentate who figures at one time as "Verdummisne principe todesche," at another as "Ils Verdummille todesseche," names which have baffled interpretation.

Claude had now achieved a world-wide celebrity.

The crowning honour came to him in a commission from Philip IV. of Spain. It is possible that the attention of this great patron of the arts may have been directed to Claude by the Marquis de Castel-Rodrigo, the Spanish ambassador in Rome. We know that in 1637 Claude etched a series of plates illustrative of the fêtes given by this personage to celebrate the accession of the Emperor Ferdinand III. More probably, as has been surmised, Velazquez was the intermediary. The great Spanish painter had been sent to Italy in 1649 with a roving commission to purchase works of art for his royal patron. He passed several months of the following year in Rome, where he painted some portraits—notably that, now in the Doria Palace, of Innocent X., perhaps the most brilliant production of his brush—and was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke.

The order consisted according to Baldinucci of eight works, four subjects from the Old Testament, four from the New. All these, with the addition of two from the collection of Philip V., are now in the Prado. Time and the climate of Madrid have wrought havoc with several of the number. Those which have escaped unharmed show Claude at his best. Four of the set affect a shape unusual with the artist, being upright compositions, *i.e.* greater in height than in width.

The Mill, or the Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca. National Gallery.

These are *A View near the Forum with the Burial of Sta. Sabina (L. V.* 48*)* —the figures attributed to Lauri,—a landscape with *The Finding of Moses* (*L. V.* 47) and another with *Tobit and the Archangel* (*L. V.* 50), the figures in both apparently by Courtois,—the fourth *A Seaport, with the Embarkation of St. Paula.* Of the last three replicas were executed by Claude himself, and are now in the collections of the Duke of Wellington, of Lord Portarlington, and in the Dulwich Gallery. The other four pictures of the Spanish commission are a landscape, *The Ford*, a moonlight scene with ruins and a figure of St. Anthony tempted by the devil, a wild and rugged desert with a figure of a hermit praying, and a wooded landscape with waterfalls and a Magdalen kneeling before a cross.

It was about the time of this commission, according to Baldinucci, that Claude, annoyed by the constant forgeries of his work, determined to form an album containing sketches of all works produced by him. Baldinucci calls this book the *Libro d'Invenzioni* or *Libro di Verità.* In England it is better known by the Latin title *Liber Veritatis.* Of this work we shall have occasion to speak at length in another place.

The next personage of importance for whom Claude worked was the son of the Comte de Brienne, Secretary of State to Louis XIII, Henri Louis de Loménie, one of the motliest spirits of his century and a fervent lover of poetry and art. It was for this young nobleman—or perhaps through him for Louis XIII.—that Claude painted the two curious little oval pictures now in the Louvre representing the siege of La Rochelle and the forcing of the pass of Susa, the figures in which are attributed to one of the brothers Courtois, probably Jacques. The former picture bears the inscription "Claude in Roma 1651." Both are painted on copper plated with silver, a new invention about that time, and one which, it appears, interested de Loménie. Both material and subject were we may believe imposed on the artist. The choice of subject was no doubt due to the fact that de Loménie's father had distinguished himself in the events depicted.

In 1653 Claude painted for Signor Cardello the big picture already mentioned, *The Worship of the Golden Calf* (*L. V.* 139), now in Grosvenor House.

The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba. National Gallery.

In 1655 Innocent X. died and was succeeded by Alexander VII. who as Cardinal Fabio Chigi had been distinguished for his uprightness and for his opposition to the abuses practised under his predecessors. The virtues however which had distinguished the Cardinal were wanting in the Pope. Abandoning the government to the "Congregazione di stato," Alexander VII. devoted himself to the patronage of men of letters, architects and artists. Among the last-named was Claude, who painted for him two pictures. One of these represents the Rape of Europa, apparently a favourite subject with the artist, for he has treated it in three other canvases, in an etching (R—D. 22) dated 1634, and in a finished sketch, dated 1670, in the British Museum. The other is a landscape known as *The Battle of the Bridge*, from the bridge covered with combatants which forms the foreground. Both these pictures are now in the gallery of Prince Issoupoff in Russia.

The new Pope on his accession had sternly refused to indulge in the nepotism which had disgraced the reigns of his predecessors. The Jesuits however and other interested advisers persuaded him to change his policy. The Papal Court was soon filled with his relatives, who received rich benefices and appointments. It was for one of his nephews, Don Camillo, that the splendid palace in the Piazza Colonna was built at a cost, according to a contemporary, of 100,000 scudi. For this magnificent abode Claude painted in 1658 the picture now in the National Gallery, variously known as *David at the Cave of Adullam* and *Sinon brought before Priam* (Nat. Gal. 6, *L. V.* 145). For the grand simplicity of composition and for the rendering of atmosphere this canvas ranks as one of the artist's best.

Even Mr. Ruskin, while criticising the foreground of this picture for its false and monotonous colouring, has pronounced it a really fine work of Claude.

The year following the election of Alexander VII. was marked by a visitation of the plague which decimated Rome. Many fled the city. Claude and Poussin remained, painting on serenely, the latter busy on a commission for the Duc de Créquy, the new French ambassador, the former working for Signor Cardello and a certain "ill^{mo} Sig^{r} Frenessio." Among the three pictures mentioned in the *Liber Veritatis* under this date, one, a landscape with *Jacob bargaining for Rachael* (*L. V.* 134),

St. Paula leaving Ostia. Dulwich Gallery.

remarkable for a peculiar silvery quality of light, deserves special mention. It is now one of the chief treasures of Petworth.

Claude and Poussin were neighbours, living at the time, as it would appear from a census taken immediately after the plague, in the Strada Paolina, the modern Via Paola, running from the Ponte St. Angelo to the Church of S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini.

How then account for the tradition which ascribes to Claude as his domicile the 'Tempietto' on the Trinità de' Monti, and to Poussin a neighbouring house, No. 9 of the same piazza?

Perhaps both artists may have sought refuge in the lower town from the miasmas.

There is no documentary evidence in support of the 'Tempietto' theory. Traditions however die hard. Harder in Rome, perhaps, where they have wound their roots in and out among the stones, than elsewhere. No one nurtured in the belief that Claude and Poussin lived on the Trinità de' Monti and looked out daily over that wonderful view of Rome will willingly surrender that belief.

It would be impossible within the limits of our space to enumerate all Claude's works during the next few years. The artist, if he was a slow worker, was an assiduous one, sometimes producing as many as five pictures in one year. Among the principal pictures of this period we may mention the *Metamorphosis of the Apuleian Shepherd* (*L. V.* 142), painted for M. Delagarde in 1657, now in the Bridgwater Collection, a combination of landscape and marine with figures of Polyphemus, *Acis and Galatea* (*L. V.* 141) for the same patron, now in the Dresden Gallery, a very fine *Flight into Egypt* (*L. V.* 154) painted for Antwerp, now in the Hermitage, and *The Decline of the Roman Empire*, now in Grosvenor House, painted, as the inscription in Claude's own writing on the drawing (*L. V.* 153) shows "pour M. le Brun, Roma." The drawing (*L. V.* 82) for a smaller picture of the same subject also bears, but in another hand, the name Lebrun.

Possibly this may have been the influential head of the French Academy. The two artists must certainly have met, Lebrun having studied in Rome from 1642 to 1648.

Another picture of this period was a landscape with *Esther* for

Claude. pinx.

The Flight into Egypt.

its subject (*L. V.* 146), painted for Claude's former patron, the Bishop of Montpellier. This has disappeared.

The Tempietto, on the Trinità de' Monti, Rome.

The loss is the more to be regretted that, according to Baldinucci, this work was, in the painter's own opinion, his best.

CHAPTER IV

LATTER YEARS

Fame and wealth had come to Claude, but the latter years of his life were not without their trials. One of these was his failing health. Baldinucci informs us that from the age of forty Claude was much troubled with the gout. To a man of Claude's active habits such a malady must have been a terrible burden. No more walks in the dewy morning or the misty evening over the Campagna, no more sunny days at Tivoli and Subiaco, his old haunt, Villa Madonna, perhaps as a farthest limit, and the Forum for a nearer sketching-ground. Sometimes, perhaps, not even that, and the poor artist, mewed up in his studio, would be obliged to have recourse to his souvenirs and to his sketches from nature. How much store he set on the latter we know from Baldinucci, who relates that Claude painted one very fine picture for himself from nature at Vigna Madama, near Rome, for which his Holiness Clement IX. offered him as many gold pieces as would cover it, but was never able to get it out of his hands, for he asserted, as was indeed true, that "he made use of it every day to see the variety of trees and foliage." We may note, too, that in his will Claude expressly qualifies two of the pictures which he kept in his house (*The Flight into Egypt* and *The Journey to Emmaus*) as "painted on the spot by my hand" and "a landscape painted from nature."

From this will we learn that in February of 1663 Claude was suffering from an illness which threatened to prove fatal.

Believing his end to be at hand, the artist sets about putting his affairs in order. He turns over the pages of the book which records his life's work, and on the drawing No. 158 scrawls the following inscription: "Audi 26 frebrare 1663 a questo mio libro si ritrovano cento e cinquanta sette disigne di mano mio. questo di suditte faict per l excelle^{mo} Contestable Colonna Claudio Gillée man^{ra} in Roma." On the 28th he sends for a notary, and makes his will in the presence of

"Claude Bellin Burgundian, Dominique Barrière, of Marseilles, and François du Jardin, of the diocese of Lorraine." This will is interesting for the light which it throws on the painter's character and the glimpse which it gives us into his household.

The man whom it shows us is pious, simple, kindly. First, he commends his "soul to God and to the Holy Mother and to his Guardian Angel, and to all the Saints in heaven, praying the Divine Majesty to vouchsafe to receive it into the glory of Paradise." He wills that his body be buried in the church of the Santissima Trinità de' Monti, limits the expense of his funeral to fifty scudi, and that of a monumental slab to sixty scudi.

The first and principal beneficiary is Agnes, a little girl of whom we know nothing, save what the testator has chosen to tell us in a clause inserted, as if in anticipation of inquiries, at the end of the will. "I state and declare that the aforesaid Agnes is a little girl, now nearly eleven years old, as the certificate of baptism testifies, living with me and brought up in my house, where she now lives in charity." For the maintenance and guardianship of this favourite child ample and minute provision is made. She is to be placed after the painter's death in a convent of her own choice, and eleven "lochi[1] of the Monte di S. Bonaventura" are bequeathed to her, of which "she alone shall enjoy the usufruct until she marries or becomes a nun." For either of these cases special provisions are made. By another clause three additional luoghi di Monte Novenale are assigned to her for life. A third portion of the furniture, including the artist's bed and her own, his ebony writing-desk, the picture already alluded to of *The Flight into Egypt*, a small Madonna, after Guido, and another small picture, are bequeathed to her "for the great attention which I have received from her." Most precious legacy of all, the *Liber Veritatis* is left to her, with the proviso that at her death it shall return to the artist's heirs. Two apostolic notaries, Renato della Borna and Francesco Causer are appointed to be her guardians and trustees.

[1] These lochi or luogi di monti were a species of investment created in Italy towards the end of the sixteenth century; and, although often subject to an arbitrary diminution of interest, were considered good securities. They were somewhat analogous to modern municipal bonds.

We are free to build up what theory we may please about this little girl to whom the artist leaves his dearest treasures.

Lady Dilke, pointing to the fact that between the years 1648 and 1652 there is no date in the *Liber Veritatis*, has conjectured that the romance of Claude's life took place in those years.

The next legatee is the nephew mentioned by Sandrart, Jean Gellée, to whom the painter leaves, "for the good service which he has rendered me while in my house," twelve luoghi di Monti, two pictures, a drawing, and various pieces of furniture.

Then follow various smaller legacies, amongst them a picture, a landscape, with a gold medal of Pope Innocent, to his nephew, Claude, son of Melchior Gellée, "to the honoured Church of the Trinità de' Monti a picture, half size, by the late Carlo Lorenese, on canvas," and "a landscape in water colours in two pieces to decorate the edifice of the Holy Trinity, when the Holy Sacrament passes it," "twenty-five scudi and a picture of Christ going to Emmaus" to the honoured Church of the Lorraine nation, to that of St. Luke "ten scudi and a copy of my portrait which is in the lower room." [1]

To his old friend Cardinal Rospigliosi the artist bequeaths two drawings to be chosen from among his studies, "for the good advice which he has always given me;" to Monsignor di Belmonte, "a little picture on cypress wood in remembrance of the favours which I and mine have always received from him;" to his godchild, Gio. Piomer, six drawings to be chosen by his executors; "to Catherina, daughter of Master Antonio André, tailor, my *compère*," forty scudi, and to each of the Apostolic notaries, already mentioned, a picture.

Claude's illness did not last long.

The next entry in the *Liber Veritatis* (No. 159) runs thus:—"Au dy 26 May, 1663, Claude fecit Roma e pour Anvers," the picture referred to being a large landscape with Mercury and Bacchus, now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. The artist's energy was unimpaired. For the next few years he continued to produce three or four pictures every year. His skill, however, was not always on a level with his energy. His hand, doubtless under the influence of the gout, often seems to have lost

[1] Portrait and copy have both unfortunately disappeared, and the only likeness of Claude with any claim to authenticity is the woodcut by Sandrart in the *Academia*.

Egeria and her Nymphs, painted in 1669. *Naples Museum.*
From a photograph by G. Brogi. By permission.

its old cunning. Side by side, however, with canvases which show sad evidences of advancing age, we find others in which the artist's genius reasserts itself with all the old charm.

The chief patron of Claude's latter years was the Constable of Naples, Don Filippo Colonna, head of the great Roman family of that name and husband of the beautiful and witty Maria Mancini, one of Mazarin's nieces, famous for the passion which she inspired in the youthful breast of Louis XIV. and for the escapades of her later life.

The *Liber Veritatis* records eight pictures painted for this nobleman. The first of these would seem, from the already quoted inscription on drawing No. 158, to have been finished just before the illness which caused the artist to make his will. The last was painted in 1681, the year before his death.

The major part of these pictures and most of the others by Claude, which once adorned the Palazzo Colonna in Rome, are now in private collections in England, one (*L. V.* 175) *Egeria and her Nymphs*, is in the Museum of Naples. The most famous is the exquisite landscape, one of two in which the artist has introduced the myth of Cupid and Psyche, generally known as *The Enchanted Castle* (*L. V.* 162), now in the possession of Lord Wantage.

It was the remembrance of this picture in conjunction with the sight of Teignmouth which prompted the beautiful lines of Keats in a letter to his friend J. R. Reynolds :—

> "You know the Enchanted Castle, it doth stand
> Upon a rock, on the border of a lake,
> Nested in trees, which all do seem to shake
> From some old magic-like Urganda's sword.
> O Phœbus ! that I had thy sacred word
> To show this castle in fair dreaming wise,
> Unto my friend, while sick and ill he lies.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The doors all look as if they oped themselves,
> The windows as if latched by Fays and Elves.
> And from them comes a silver flash of light,
> As from the westward of a summer night,
> Or like a beauteous woman's large blue eyes
> Gone mad thro' olden songs and poesies.

The Enchanted Castle, "Liber Veritatis." From the mezzotint by R. Earlom.

See! What is coming from the distance dim!
A golden galley all in silken trim!
Three rows of oars are lightening, moment whiles
Into the verd'rous bosoms of these isles;
Towards the shade under the castle wall
It comes in silence,—now 'tis hidden all.
The clarion sounds and from a postern gate
An echo of sweet music doth create
A fear in the poor herdsman, who doth bring
His beasts to trouble the enchanted spring—
He tells of the sweet music and the spot
To all his friends and they believe him not."

Another constant patron of the artist at this period was Monseigneur de Bourlemont, who in 1644 went to Rome to obtain the Pope's confirmation of his election to the Archbishopric of Toulouse. Between that date and the prelate's second visit to Rome in 1667, Claude painted three landscapes and a marine for him, *Moses and the Burning Bush* (*L. V.* 161), *Cephalus and Procris* (*L. V.* 163), *Apollo and the Cumæan Sibyl* (*L. V.* 164), *Demosthenes on the Sea-shore* (*L. V.* 171). Of these works one, the *Cephalus and Procris* is in the Doria Palace at Rome, the others have found their way to England.

The *Moses and the Burning Bush*, now in the Bridgewater Collection, is a large landscape, excellent in tone. A majestic tree occupies the middle of the foreground. Behind stretches a broad and varied expanse of undulating country. Unfortunately the general effect is sadly marred by the obtrusive figure of Moses in the centre, supplicating the burning bush, for which bush we have to look some time before we discover it, a red-brown patch of paint, high up on a rock shelf close to the frame!

Mr. Ruskin has instanced this composition as a proof of Claude's "incapacity of understanding the main point in anything he had to represent," but it should be remembered that the Claudian point of view was that the figures were merely accessories—we might rather say excuses for—the landscape, not by any means the main point thereof. The picture entitled *Demosthenes on the Sea-shore*, also in the Bridgewater Collection, is a large marine, the sea and sky with a setting sun painted with all Claude's wonted skill. The composition looks to modern eyes somewhat theatrical, as is so often the case with Claude's pictures. We are apt to forget that in Claude's day these arrangements, these *ficelles*

as the French call them, had not been used and abused for several centuries on the stage.

The general tone is still fine and was probably finer, but the picture has suffered from time and varnish. Here again our pleasure is marred by the big figure in the centre and the lumpy cattle in the foreground on the right.

In March, 1667, Cardinal Giuglio Rospigliosi was raised to the Pontificate. We have seen from Claude's will that this prelate was a special friend of his. The entries in the *Liber Veritatis* show that he was his patron. "Pour Sig^{r} Mon^{re} Ruspiose," as he is written down on one drawing in the *Liber Veritatis*, per lementissimo Cardinale Rospioglo, as he is styled on another, Claude had painted two landscapes, one (*L. V.* 15), *The Piping Herdsman*, the other (*L. V.* 34), *Peasants attacked by Brigands*.

A third picture was begun for Rospigliosi when cardinal, and finished after his elevation to the Papal throne, as the inscription on the drawing (*L. V.* 70) bears witness. This inscription goes on to state that the subject is taken from the story of Aglauros, Herse, and Mercury. "Favola cavata," so it runs, "nell' annotazione del secondo libri di Ovidio."

The words used in describing the subject are identical with those in the *Annotazione* by G. Horologgi to Anguillara's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. It would seem, therefore, that this was the book which furnished Claude with his classical incidents.

Commissions continued to come to Claude from all sides. We find him about this time painting two pictures for Sicily. One of these was a marine with the call of St. Andrew and St. Peter, the sketch (a pen and ink drawing) for, or from, which in the *Liber Veritatis* (165) is so singularly beautiful and luminous as to make us doubly regret that the picture cannot now be traced. The other (*L. V.* 172) is a graceful pastoral with a shepherd piping and goats, now in the collection of Lord Northbrook.

In 1668 Claude painted two landscapes for a German patron, the Count Waldstein. Baldinucci says four, and adds that two were intended for the Emperor Leopold I. Both these pictures are now in the Pinakothek at Munich. In each case the incident is taken from the story

of Hagar. One (*L. V.* 173) represents an early morning effect. Hagar, with her child, is being dismissed from the patriarch's abode, a stately classic palace. The other represents the appearance of the angel to Hagar, the scene being laid in the midst of a well-wooded and well-watered country with the grotto of Posilippo in the background. If we can condone these absurdities the pictures are very charming ones. For another German patron, Francesco Mayer, of Ratisbon, a councillor of the Elector of Bavaria, Claude painted in 1667 the beautiful landscape, *The Ford* (*L. V.* 176), now also at Munich.

In June of 1670, Claude was again so seriously ill, that on the 25th of the month he sent for a notary to add a codicil to his will.

From the opening clause of the codicil, which refers to the will made on 28th February, 1663, "o altro più nero tempo," and from the final one, which declares that any writing in his hand concerning a will or other dispositions or last wishes which may be found in his house after his death (other than the will of 1663 and this codicil) are to be considered null and void, it would appear that Claude had more than once, since his illness of 1663, believed himself at death's door and made provision accordingly.

The codicil of 1670 confirms the bequest made to Agnes, "*mia zitella*," my little maiden, as she is affectionately termed, and adds to it 500 scudi, a gold medal of Pope Urban, a gold chain of the value of ten scudi and a diamond ring.

The artist's property is to be divided into four parts and of these one is to be given to the nephew Jean Gellée, who resided with him and kept house for him. Then follow various other legacies.

It is specially enjoined on his heirs that they shall cause fifty masses to be said for the repose of his soul in the church of St. Denys at Chamagne, within eight days of the news of his death.

The provisions of this codicil were sufficiently vague to give rise to misunderstandings among the artist's heirs, and to lawsuits which lasted down to the present century.

Claude was not long recovering from this illness. His energy was still unabated. Not so his powers. From Baldinucci we know that the artist in his latter years was only able to work two or three hours a day.

In all the works of this period there is evidence of his failing health.

It becomes more marked in some of his subsequent pictures. The cold tone which pervades many of them is totally unlike the golden sunshine of Claude's earlier days.

It would seem that ill health was not the only cross which cast its shadow over the latter years of the artist's life. Envy and ingratitude conspired to disturb his peace of mind.

Claude continued to suffer from the old annoyance of forgeries. In connection with this Baldinucci tells a curious story. Claude, mindful perhaps of the kindness which he himself had received at Tassi's hands, had taken into his household a poor lame and deformed boy, Giovanni Domenico.

This lad received from his protector instruction in drawing and painting, also in music, an art in which Claude used often to seek relaxation. Domenico passed twenty-five years under Claude's roof, and is said to have acquired great skill in painting after the manner of his master.

Envious tongues whispered that Claude's works were not painted by his own hand. The whispers reaohed Domenico's ears and so inflated him with vanity that, having quitted Claude's house, he claimed remuneration for his services during the years that he had been the artist's pupil and *protégé*.

Claude valuing his peace of mind more than his money, without delay or demur, caused the claim to be paid out of his funds in the Bank of Santo Spirito. Domenico, it is added, died very shortly after.

Though Claude's powers were failing him patrons, new and old, kept him fully occupied.

Among the former were Falconieri, Constable Colonna, Francesco Meyer, M. de Bourlemont, and a relative of Clement IX., Cardinal Massimo.

It was for the last named that Claude painted in 1673 the strange composition now at Holkham with Perseus and Pegasus for figures, for background rocks of a formation unknown to the geologist, but full of a weird charm.

Among Claude's new patrons were Prince Gasparo Altieri, another relative of Clement IX. and Cardinal Spada.

The former received the *Landing of Æneas* (*L. V.* 185), the latter a landscape with *Philip Baptizing the Eunuch* (*L. V.* 191), now in the possession of Mr. W. B. Beaumont, and a curious composition *Christ's Appearance in the Garden* (*L. V.* 194), in which the three vacant crosses and the sepulchre are introduced with much effect. This picture, formerly in the Beckford Collection, cannot now be traced, but there is a drawing for it dated 1675 at Chatsworth, and another in the British Museum.

The latest date which occurs in the *Liber Veritatis* is 1681, in which year Claude painted the picture just mentioned, and for Constable Colonna a landscape, *Parnassus and the Muses* (*L. V.* 193). We know, however, from a drawing of the Temple of Castor and Pollux dated 1682, now in the British Museum, that the artist worked up to the last year of his life. With the fall of the leaf Claude breathed his last.

On the 23rd of November, 1682, his two nephews and Agnes summoned the notary Vannius to attest the painter's decease. Claude died, as the notary's endorsement on the will testifies, in a house just opposite the Arco dei Greci, a kind of covered way which still exists, connecting the church of St. Anastasio dei Greci with the Seminary, off the Via Babuino.

Despite the high prices paid to him for his pictures Claude died relatively poor. Baldinucci states that owing to his great generosity to his relatives during his life, the artist's property at his death amounted only to the value of 10,000 scudi.

Claude was buried, as his will directed, in the church of Sta. Trinità de' Monti. Over his grave in front of the chapel of the Santissima Annunziata his nephews placed a slab with a laudatory Latin epitaph.

In 1798, during the occupation of Rome by the French, this church was ransacked by the soldiery. This slab disappeared, and for nearly forty years Claude's grave remained unmarked. In 1836 the French Government decided to remove the great artist's remains from the Trinità de' Monti to the church of St. Luigi de' Francesi, near the Pantheon.

This was done with great solemnity, the representative of France and a large number of French artists, then resident in Rome, taking part in the function.

A meagre monument was erected in St. Luigi to Claude's memory with the following inscription :—

A Claude Gelée dit Le Lorrain
peintre français
mort à Rome en MDCLXXXII
et inhumé en l'église
de la Trinité des Monts
la France
a consacré ce monument
Louis Philippe I^er^ étant roi des Français
A. Thiers ministre de l'intérieur
S. Fay de la Tour Maubourg
Ambassadeur du roi à Rome
MDCCCXXXVI

Subsequently a Latin inscription was placed in the Church of the Trinità over the spot where Claude's remains had formerly reposed. The real monuments to Claude's memory are the works of his genius.

Of one of these, the *Liber Veritatis* so frequently alluded to, we have now to speak.

CHAPTER V

THE "LIBER VERITATIS"

In calling the *Liber Veritatis* a monument to Claude's memory, we are using no figure of speech. In this wonderful book we have an epitome of the artist's life and work, an epitome written and illustrated by his own hand.

The *Liber Veritatis* is a collection of two hundred drawings, not, as the title might lead us to expect, studies from nature, but sketches from or perhaps for the artist's pictures.

Baldinucci gives the book the name of *Libro d'Invenzione* or *Libro di Verità*, and asserts that the idea of composing it occurred to the artist about the time that he received the important commission already spoken of for the King of Spain.

"Poor Claude," says Baldinucci, "simple-minded as he was by nature,

not knowing whom to guard against among the many who frequented his room nor what precautions to take, seeing that every day similar pictures were brought to his house that he might pronounce whether they were by his hand, resolved to make a book which I saw with great pleasure and admiration, he himself showing it to me in his own house in Rome ; and in this book he began to copy the composition (*invenzione*) of the works which he executed, expressing in them with a truly masterly touch, every smallest detail of the picture itself, making a note also of the person for whom it had been painted and, if I remember rightly, the sum he had received for it ; to which book he gave the name of *Libro d'Invenzioni* or *Libro di Verità*, and thenceforth whenever any picture of his or not of his were brought to him to look at, without wasting words he would show the book saying, 'I never send any work out of my studio without making a copy of it, with my own hand in this book after its completion. Now I want you yourself to be the judge in our doubt, so look through this and see if you recognise your picture ;' and as any one who had stolen that composition could not come near the mark by a long way, so the difference was at once evident to every one's eyes and the forgery apparent . . ."

The motive assigned to the artist by Baldinucci for the composition of the *Liber Veritatis* has been frequently called in question. It is argued that the book does not contain sketches of all the artist's works. There are many important and undoubted pictures by Claude executed after the date assigned for the commencement of the *Liber Veritatis*, which are not represented in it. It is also contended that a mere sketch of the main composition of a picture would not be sufficient proof in cases of forgery.

Further, of the two hundred drawings only one hundred and forty-one bear mention of the people for whom the pictures were painted ; forty-five have only the name of the place for which the pictures were destined. In one case Claude mentions that the picture is still in his own possession. Some drawings are simply endorsed, "Claudio fecit in V.R.," and even this inscription, in many cases, is not in the artist's own handwriting. It is therefore reasonable to conclude that the painter's object in forming this collection of designs was not so much to make a precise register of the disposition of his works—a register

which on occasion might be used to confute forgers—as to preserve for himself a souvenir of his works.

> "*Audi* 10 *dagouto* 1677 *ce present livre*
> *Aupartient a moy que ie faict durant ma vie*
> *Claudio Gillée dit le lorane. A Roma le* 23 *avril* 1680."

So runs the inscription in Claude's own handwriting on a sheet of paper stuck to the first drawing in the book.

The *Liber Veritatis* was to Claude much what the fly-leaf of the family Bible is in many old-fashioned English families—a place to register the birth of each new member and note any important events of after life. To Claude his pictures were his children.

Were the drawings of the *Liber Veritatis* draughts for or sketches from the pictures? The generally received opinion is that the drawings were made from his finished pictures, as is asserted by Baldinucci. Lady Dilke opines that they were sketches made beforehand, to put into shape what the artist calls on some other drawings his *pancé* (*pensée*). There is perhaps truth in both views. The majority of the drawings seem to have been made from the pictures, but there are some which look much more like preliminary sketches.

The value which the artist set on the *Liber Veritatis* is shown by the special mention which he makes of it in his will. The artist's wishes were strictly adhered to. The *Liber Veritatis* remained for some time an heirloom in the Gellée family. D'Argenville saw it in the possession of a niece of the painter. The Cardinal d'Estrées in vain offered any price for it on behalf of Louis XIV. Subsequently the book came into the hands of a French jeweller, who disposed of it in Holland. About 1770 it was purchased by the then Duke of Devonshire, and since then has remained in the possession of the Cavendish family in that great treasure-house of art, Chatsworth.

Through Alderman Boydell it was reproduced in mezzotint by Richard Earlom, and published in two volumes in 1777. Subsequently a third volume was added, containing reproductions of one hundred drawings by Claude from various collections. In 1815 a selection of plates from the *Liber Veritatis* was published in Rome, under the title of *Libro di Verità*, by Caracciolo. Boydell's publication, although

Claude's drawings are by the side of Earlom's reproductions of them as "Hyperion to a satyr," has conferred an immense boon on lovers and students of art by permitting many to form some idea of what must otherwise have remained to them a closed book. Only those, however, who have had the privilege of inspecting the original work can fully appreciate all the real charm and delicacy of these drawings.

In the course of the vicissitudes to which it has been exposed, the *Liber Veritatis* has suffered as a whole. Thus it would appear to have been rebound, perhaps more than once, probably by a French binder. In this process many of the drawings have been cut down with so little care that part of Claude's inscriptions on them have been lost. The order of the leaves too has been disregarded, many of the sketches which belong chronologically to the end of the book having been inserted at the beginning. Worst of all not a few of the drawings have been tampered with. Some evil-minded person—Earlom it is generally supposed—has presumed to accentuate the fading values with the lavish brush and brutal touch of a man bent on producing an effect.

These blemishes apart, the drawings are all in good preservation. Each bears on its face the painter's signature, generally a monogram, composed of the letters C. and L., sometimes the date and a note referring to the subject of the picture. These, with one exception, are in Claude's own writing. On the back are short inscriptions repeating the signature and giving notes as to the disposition of the pictures, the date of their execution, &c. These inscriptions are in a curious jumble of French, Italian, and Latin. A careful examination of them has shown that they are not all in the same writing. Side by side with Claude's hand we find another which, from a certain family likeness, Lady Dilke thinks is that of one of his nephews. The same writing appears on some of Claude's drawings in the Albertine Collection. This writing differs again from a third which appears in the French names Lebrun and Robert Gayer, &c. It is large and delicate like a French hand of last century, and might well be that of the French jeweller, in whose possession d'Argenville saw the *Liber Veritatis* in Paris. From these inscriptions it would appear that Claude composed the *Liber Veritatis* from several albums, for on the back of drawing No. 185 is written " Jai finij ce present livre ce jour duy 25 du

The Finding of Moses, "Liber Veritatis." From the mezzotint by R. Earlom.

mois de mars 1675 Roma," which scarcely seems to tally with the inscription already quoted affixed to drawing No. 1.

Perhaps, however, these various dates mark moments of the "altro più nero tempo," when the artist may have believed that his work was at an end.

It is time to turn from bibliographical and historical details about the *Liber Veritatis* to the drawings themselves.

Of the two hundred drawings one hundred and three are on white, the remainder on gray or blue paper. They are executed with pen or pencil, washed with bistre or Indian ink, the high lights touched in with white.

The first impression which we receive as we turn over the pages of the *Liber Veritatis* is that of the intense artificiality of the art that it records. It is, as it were, a man speaking Latin instead of his own mother-tongue. Classic ruins, seaports, pasture lands, herds and herdsmen, piping shepherds, dancing peasants, gods, saints, banditti, sportsmen, all seem to belong to an unreal world—a world where things arrange themselves, or rather are evidently arranged by the artist, with a view to certain preconceived ideas about composition. The harmony of line, the unity of *ensemble*, aimed at by the artist, and nearly always attained, aggravate the eye of a generation taught to shun in landscape-art the well-balanced composition which delighted the seventeenth century.

Turn over a few more pages.

The eye gradually accustomed to the Claudian world, bewitched by its sunlight and its atmosphere, begins to dwell with pleasure on the ruins and the marble palaces, the wooded hillsides crowned with convenient towers, the meanderings of impossible rivers.

You have but to surrender yourself to the charm of this unreal world to lose sight of its unreality and live in it as one lives in a dream. The artist gives us the

> "great key,
> To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
> Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
> Echoing grottos, full of tumbling waves
> And moonlight ; ay, to all the mazy world
> Of silvery enchantment ! "

We are carried far away from this workaday world of ours into an ethereal domain whence all toil, distress, and terror have purposely been banished by the painter. The inhabitants of this ideal world are as gods. Its skies are all but cloudless. All the rough places in it are made smooth.

Such is the Claudian landscape, the quintessence of reality distilled in the alembic of a poet's soul. Surely only the sternest moralist will condemn its charm.

When at last you close the book and turn from this world of Claude's to nature, you feel for a moment like a man who steps from a concert-room, where he has been listening to the music of Beethoven and Mozart, into the din and glare of the street. "Mere idle dreaming," says the moralist, "no more to be encouraged than the smoking of opium or hashish." To which we would answer that, just as there are certain states of body, in which opium or hashish may not only afford respite from pain for a moment, but thereby help the body to gather fresh strength, so there are moods of mind (who has not known them?) in which all the sordidness of the "world we jostle" seems to pursue us, driving us to take refuge in something outside and beyond it. It is in such moments that art like Claude's is peculiarly valuable, affording as it does "a rest, a quiet haven" where we may dream away an hour in the contemplation of the ideal.

> "Nor do we merely feel these essences
> For one short hour."

It must indeed go hard with us if they do not

> "Haunt us till they become a cheering light
> Unto our souls,"

—a light, in the reflected glow of which this gray world of ours catches a new glory.

Before we close the *Liber Veritatis* it is well to note that side by side with their poetic charm the drawings possess technical qualities of a high order. They express the most difficult effects of light and atmosphere with a simplicity and a directness which it would be difficult to surpass.

CHAPTER VI

CLAUDE AS A PAINTER

HITHERTO we have spoken of Claude's pictures only in relation to his life. It is time to consider their intrinsic merit, and to try to determine Claude's place among painters of landscape. Before doing so it may be well to glance very briefly at what had been done before his day in landscape art.

The man who first substituted for the golden or coloured chequer background in picture or illuminated letter, a blue sky graduated to the horizon may rank as the initiator of landscape-painting, as we understand that art.

This was as Mr. Ruskin has remarked "the crisis of change in the spirit of mediæval art," the transition from the Symbolic to the Imitative Method.

This took place early in the fifteenth century.

Mr. Ruskin has chosen Dante as the great exponent of mediæval feeling for landscape, and all who know the great poet's keen observance of every changing phase of light and atmosphere, and his admirable descriptions of the beauties of Nature, will confirm the choice. Some may perhaps be puzzled by an apparent discrepancy in dates. Apparent only, for besides the fact that every change in the human mind finds its expression earlier in literature than in painting, we must remember that like all great men, Dante was far ahead of his time, ahead in his appreciation of nature as he was in his conception of art.[1]

We need not therefore be surprised if the landscapes of the *Divina Commedia* precede by a century, the first efforts to represent landscape pictorially on the imitative method.

The appreciation of nature which we find in Dante, we find again in Boccaccio—although as becomes a master in the art of telling a tale,

[1] *Vide* the description of the marble sculptures which line the path of Purgatory. *Purgatorio*, x. 31–93.

Boccaccio's landscapes are always discreetly subordinated to his figures—and even more markedly in Petrarch.

The most conspicuous instance in the latter—as has been pointed out by Burckhardt—is his description of his ascent of Mount Ventoux near Avignon.

He himself tells us in one of his letters how he had become possessed by an indefinable longing for a distant panorama, a longing which grew stronger and stronger; how he was decided by the passage in Livy describing Philip of Macedon's ascent of Mount Hæmus; how deeply impressed he was by the view, and how, on returning home, he opened that favourite work of his, the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, and read aloud to his brother, with an emotion which the latter could not understand, the remarkable words in the tenth chapter. "And men go forth and admire lofty mountains and broad seas and roaring torrents, and the ocean and the course of the stars, and forget their own selves while doing so."

Nothing could show more clearly than does this incident the birth in men's minds of a new feeling—perhaps it would be more correct to say the resurrection of one which had lain buried for centuries—the Love of Landscape. Born simultaneously with, and in a measure fostered by, the revival of classic learning, this love of landscape was destined at a later date to be well nigh choked to death by it.

In the fourteenth century this feeling was, as we have seen, confined to the master-minds. In the fifteenth it became much more general. By the beginning of the following century it seems to have died out. Benvenuto Cellini on his way to France traverses some of the most romantic scenery of Switzerland with never a word of praise or wonder for the beauty of the Alps and the glory of glaciers. In the seventeenth century it was replaced by a love of everything that was unnatural and grotesque, the artifices of the landscape gardener being held infinitely superior to the beauties of nature.

To return to painting. We have seen that the fifteenth century marks the beginning of Imitative landscape art as distinguished from Symbolism but the influence of the latter continues long. Giotto having got hold of something sufficiently like a mountain or a tree to pass for such in the eyes of men, who know nothing about geology or botany, and do not scrutinize real trees and real mountains, several generations of

Italian painters—Masaccio always excepted—are satisfied to go on painting the Giottesque mountain and tree without further reference to nature.

While landscape, always as a mere accessory, is being thus cultivated by the Italians, the Flemish artists, Hubert and Jan van Eyck, take up the tale and unfold to the wondering eyes of the northern world visions of Paradise based on their own glimpses into southern lands.

Thus two currents of landscape-art, one to the north, the other to the south of the Alps were set a-flowing. The former receiving in its course the contributions of Roger van der Weyden, Quinten Matsys, Henri de Bles and Patinir, at a later date those of Breughel, Matthew and Paul Brill, Elsheimer &c., the latter swelled by the genius of the Venetians with Bonifazio and Titian at their head and mingling with the current of the Eclectic school of the Caracci, met in Rome at the end of the sixteenth century.

Rome, while contributing nothing to the arts, save the memory of her greatness, became the meeting place of all schools.

Educated in this art-centre, Claude united the Flemish love for and knowledge of perspective—Orizonte was the nickname by which Claude was known among the Flemish artists in Rome—to the atmospheric touch of the Venetians.

An examination of Claude's technique shows a strong similarity between it and that of the Venetian school. Claude, although he occasionally painted on panel and still more rarely on copper, used for his larger pictures a canvas with a strong coarse diagonal grain. Over this he painted with a pretty firm impasto, not however so thick but that the grain of the canvas shows through it in places, more particularly in the most luminous parts of the picture. Then the artist set to work to scumble and glaze over this first painting with an infinite number of very finely graduated tones and an infinite amount of patience, often, as Sandrart tells us, passing a whole fortnight over a picture without apparently bringing it any nearer completion.

Ignorant people, more particularly cleaners, take these little scumblings and glazings of Claude's for dirt and would fain remove them or paint over them. Wiser eyes detect their purpose. It is thus that Claude obtained the vibration of the atmosphere, the pulsation of sunlight, the scintillation of silvery wavelets. It was thus that "he

painted"—it is Mr. Ruskin, Claude's direst adversary, who speaks—"the effects of misty shadows cast by his (the sun's) rays over the landscape and other delicate aerial transitions, as no one had ever done before, and in some respects as no one has done in oils since."

The process is similar to that by which Titian and Rembrandt conveyed the many-faceted lustre of flesh. Take any piece of flesh painting by either of these masters. It is false in colour now—we may doubt if ever it was true—and yet it conveys the idea of flesh in a degree which many a true colourist fails to attain. Compare Ingres' *Source* or any of M. Bouguereau's nudities with Rembrandt's *Susanna* or Titian's portrait of his mistress. There is the same difference between them that there is between the transparent sparkle of Parian marble and the dull surface of a plaster cast.

So it is with Claude's landscapes. They are seldom, if ever, true in colour, and yet contrast them with the works of some colourists. Take Corot for instance. Step from Claude's picture of the *Campo Vaccino* in the Louvre to the study of Corot, which hangs in an adjoining room, of the same subject from another point of view. Corot is infinitely superior to Claude in his analysis of each separate fragment of the colour-mosaic of the scene, but which of the two artists has most successfully rendered the general impression of that scene? Every one who loves Rome and knows its atmosphere will, I think, decide in favour of Claude. Before we leave the question of Claude's technique it is worth noting that his experience as a fresco-painter does not appear to have at all affected his manipulation of oil-paint. The bold, broad sweep of the brush, which such an experience generally gives, is to be found in none of Claude's canvases, at least in none that I have seen. The drawings of the *Liber Veritatis* are to my knowledge the only works of Claude's which show a hand schooled to produce the maximum of effect with the fewest and simplest strokes of the brush.

Claude has sometimes been called the "father of modern landscape art," but that title might be claimed for Titian and other Venetian painters, who before Claude's day had from time to time painted landscape pure and simple.

Claude's real merit, a merit as to the magnitude of which his admirers and his detractors are at one, his real service to landscape art, lay in this,

that he was the first painter to grapple seriously with the problem of representing the disc of the sun. Before his day this had been done from time to time, but timidly and in a semi-symbolic fashion. Thus the early masters resort to the type employed in illumination, a star, red or yellow, often with a face in it. There is a very interesting instance in a panel, representing the Flight into Egypt, in the "predella" of Gentile da Fabriano's masterpiece the *Adoration of the Kings*, in the Accademia delle Belle Arti in Florence. This panel is, as Symonds has pointed out, one of the earliest bits of true landscape art (1423). It represents a sunrise. The sun's disc, just risen above the mountains is figured by a ball in high relief of burnished gold, the rays by streaks of gold. The very methods which these early painters adopted were a confession of weakness.

The experience of a later century echoed this confession. Leonardo da Vinci formally declared that no picture of sunlight could possibly appear true unless itself viewed in sunlight. Among the Venetians, Bassano, as Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, and Titian, now and then, made an attempt to represent the sun's rays.

Claude took up the idea seriously and worked it out successfully. It is difficult for us who have been accustomed to see the sun constantly represented in pictures to realise how great a revolution he thereby wrought in landscape art.

Claude had, it would seem, few pupils properly so called. Baldinucci says, that after the disagreeable incident with the faithless Domenico, Claude determined never to have another pupil. Pascoli mentions as a pupil of Claude's a certain Angelo or Angeluccio, who practised landscape painting in Rome about 1680, with considerable success, but died young. Perhaps however, Angelo was only one of many painters of Claude's day—Gaspard Dughet (the brother-in-law and pupil of Poussin), Hermann Swanevelt and Guillaume Courtois were probably among the number—who were influenced by Claude's works and perhaps aided by his advice, of which according to Baldinucci, Claude was most liberal to all who chose to ask it.

Claude's influence on the landscape art of his own and of the following centuries was enormous. The result of it was deplorable. Landscape painters went to Claude instead of going to nature. They

copied, as imitators are prone to do, all the defects of their model ; they failed to perceive the good points. They borrowed all Claude's formulas of composition and never moved beyond them. Nature was poured like jelly into a mould.

Claude's influence on landscape art continued paramount, more particularly in England, down to the middle of our own century. It left its mark indelibly on Turner's genius. Turner's study of Claude was partly forced on him by the pseudo-classic sentiment and the Claude-worship of his day, partly voluntary, for he recognised in Claude technical qualities which he himself did not possess ; above all he admired Claude, as Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, for his success in painting what he (Turner) could not—the orb of the sun. In his endeavour to assimilate Claude's technique Turner never succeeded, and eventually adopted an infinitely less masterly method, which we must deplore, for too often it has not withstood "the heavy hand of Time." Other things Turner did learn from Claude, not with advantage.

The mention of Turner leads us to consider the oft-repeated comparison between the two masters, a comparison forced on posterity by Turner himself. In speaking of what has been termed "the noble passage of arms to which Turner challenged his adversary from the grave," it must, in fairness to the older master, be remembered that the choice of arms lay with Turner.

When the latter bequeathed to the National Gallery his two well-known canvases, the *Misty Sunrise* and the *Building of Carthage*, it was with the distinct proviso that they should "hang always between the two pictures painted by Claude, *The Seaport* and *The Mill*." Claude himself, or his admirers, might perhaps have selected others of his works as expressing his powers better, and as being more suitable for comparison with the two particular pictures chosen by Turner to represent his genius. It would however have been difficult to find any picture of Claude's which could be compared with Turner's *Misty Sunrise*, so entirely is the sentiment expressed in it foreign to Claude's mind. To attempt to compare the serene and idyllic atmosphere of Claude's *Mill* with Turner's idealistic rendering of a northern mist and sea would be as absurd as to compare Herrick and Browning.

When we come to Turner's *Carthage* and Claude's *Embarkation of the*

Queen of Sheba, the case is different. The two artists have treated kindred subjects in a kindred way, indeed Turner's picture shows at every point the influence of Claude. In both we have the same well-balanced masses of pseudo-classic architecture, a too evidently artificial composition, helped out by the judicious disposition of the figures, a similar effect of sunlight.

At the very first glance we see the superiority of Turner, the limitation of Claude. Claude seems like a caged bird, singing, and singing very sweetly, but always the same trill. Turner is like Shelley's skylark. He has seen all heaven and all earth, and caught in his flight the real radiance of the sun.

If we proceed to analyse the two pictures, we find in the *Building of Carthage* artificialities even more glaring and faults bolder than any which the cautious Claude ever perpetrated. Turner's architecture is the classic of Regent Street, the colour more particularly in the foreground is heavy, the sunlight which is supposed to come from the centre of the composition comes from three or four different points outside of the canvas, &c., &c.

A work of genius however is not a work that is free from faults, but one which imposes itself despite its faults. Such is this, such are all the works of Turner. It is in the rendering of light, particularly of the direct rays of the sun, that Turner is incontestably Claude's superior. Claude had grasped one big fact, the warm glow of sunlight, and repeated it *ad infinitum*, spreading it with an even touch over every inch of canvas. Turner went a step further. He analysed this glow, caught from Nature the secret of the subtle silvery tones, the touches of cold colour which occur even in the warmest effect of light and help to heighten those effects.

Hence comes, as Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, "the perfect and unchanging influence of all Turner's pictures at any distance. We approach only to follow the sunshine into every cranny of the leafage and retire only to feel it diffused over the scene, the whole picture glowing like a sun or star at whatever distance we stand and lighting the air between us and it, while many even of the best pictures of Claude must be looked close into to be felt and lose light every foot that we retire" (*Mod. Painters*, vol. i., p. 149).

To Turner moreover sunlight was the first, the essential, thing. He never hesitated to sacrifice other things to it. Not so Claude. With a complacency bordering upon dulness, he painted, square and fair, every stone of his edifices and obedient to a tradition handed down from the early Italian masters through Perugino and Raphael,[1] traced carefully and mechanically, as it were, with compass and ruler, every line of his architecture, showing thereby that he considered the object illuminated quite as worthy of his skill as the light itself.

Yet when all has been said that can be said about Turner's superiority and Claude's shortcomings, there remains to the older master a charm of serenity and sweetness which it is impossible to gainsay.

Just as it is possible to admire the colossal genius of Wagner and yet listen with enjoyment to the melody of Mozart or Haydn, so too we may give Turner all his due without shutting our eyes to the merits and beauties of Claude.

CHAPTER VII

CLAUDE'S DRAWINGS

"THE soul of the poet," it has been said, "is like a mirror of an astrologer; it bears the reflection of the past and of the future, and can show the secrets of men and gods, but all the same it is dimmed by the breath of those who stand by and gaze into it."

So it was with Claude's soul. Left to himself the artist might perhaps, if we may judge from many of his studies from nature, have been content to paint much simpler subjects, but his patrons wanted all those sublime palaces crowded on to the quays, they wanted the nymphs and shepherds as pegs on which to hang classic quotations, they wanted the mill, the temple, and the breakwater, the company of soldiers and the herd of cattle, all combining to produce what Mr. Ruskin has aptly termed "a general sensation of the impossible." It was the spirit of the age that found its reflection in Claude's canvases!

It was an age when a traveller like Evelyn could see nothing in the Alps but "strange, horrid, and fearful crags," could speak of the forest

[1] *Cf.* P. G. Hamerton, *Imagination in Landscape Art*, p. 32.

of Fontainebleau as "so prodigiously encompassed with hideous rocks of white hard stone, heaped one on another in mountainous height that I think the like is nowhere to be found more horrid and solitary," and presently proceed to gloat over Richelieu's villa with "its walks of vast length so accurately kept and cultivated that nothing can be more agreeable," and "its large and very rare grotto of shell-work in the shape of satyrs and other wild fancies."

Like many another artist before and since his day, Claude was obliged to think of his patrons. So he would take his studies and submit them to the process which a French painter of our own day termed "varnishing Nature for the public."

If we would see Claude most himself, Claude at his best, we must follow him out into the Campagna, well away from the atmosphere of palaces—to Tivoli, or Subiaco, or la Crescenzia. With no monsignori or grands seigneurs at his elbow to smile approval at the elegance of his composition and suggest an episode from classic myth or Bible history, with Sandrart perhaps at most for his companion, and he busy looking about for the most grotesque tree-trunk, the most artificial cascade, as an accessory to some historic scene, Claude, left entirely to himself, can afford to be simple and natural.

To those who have only known Claude through his pictures, and perhaps been repelled by their artificiality, Claude's drawings come as a surprise and a delight. To appreciate these drawings rightly we must study the originals. Neither the engravings after the drawings in the Royal Library, made by Lewis and published by Chamberlayne in 1809, nor the reproductions published by the former in 1824 and 1826, give any idea of the character and delicacy of the originals. There are, however, good photographs of some of Claude's drawings by Braun, and a few excellent facsimile engravings executed by the Chalcographie of the Louvre.

From Baldinucci we know that Claude left, besides the *Liber Veritatis*, five or six other volumes of sketches and a quantity of loose drawings. It is probably to the dispersal of these that the various public and private collections throughout Europe owe the drawings by Claude which they possess. By far the greater part have found their way to England. Many are in the hands of private individuals. The

collection, however, in the British Museum stands unrivalled, both for quantity and quality; it contains nearly three hundred drawings.

Claude used, as we have already seen in speaking of the *Liber Veritatis*, two kinds of paper for his drawings—one white, the other blue or gray. It would appear that he did not choose his paper according to his subject, for there are some highly finished drawings, others lightly indicated, on both kinds of paper. He would seem to

Study: from the "Chalcographie du Louvre." By permission.

have employed the white more frequently in his earlier years. The chronological arrangement of the drawings, however, is no easy matter, for in the brief inscriptions on them dates seldom occur.

The drawings are executed in chalk, pen, pencil, brush. Claude seems to have employed exclusively at first the point, either pen or pencil. Gradually he had recourse to washes, outlining with a pen, a *procédé* for which all through his life he had a preference.

Sometimes, however, in his middle period he discarded the pen altogether, indicating the outlines with the brush. There is one drawing in the British Museum (No. 0.0.7-162) representing the Arch of Titus at Rome, in which we find the artist attempting a kind of water-colour ; the sky is a faint blue, the foliage green, the stones drab, the *ensemble* not unlike a water-colour drawing of the Early English school. Later Claude resumed the pen with washes of bistre, Chinese ink, red or

Italian Seaport, with Boats. British Museum.

yellow ochre. Sometimes he deepens the shadows by cross-hatchings with red or black chalk. The drawings of his last years appear to have been made very rapidly, and are too often devoid of any delicacy.

In the choice of subjects there is as much variety as in the choice of material. Roughly speaking, however, the drawings may be divided into two categories : first, sketches direct from nature ; and, secondly, drafts from nature or from memory (perhaps adaptations of studies from nature) with a view to making pictures. The latter are interesting as

showing the process by which the artist moulded nature to meet his own requirements (or those of his patrons); the former are much more attractive from an artistic point of view.

The Arch of Titus. British Museum.

It is trite to say that the best pictures are those which afford least scope to the critic for long descriptions. Their very virtue consists

in this that they express by colour, and form ideas which words cannot, or can only feebly, express.

What is true of pictures is even more so of drawings. There is so much, and yet so little, in a really artistic drawing. Words cannot convey that subtle something which is its very essence. All the carefully selected epithets of the critic are nothing in comparison with one glance at the drawing itself. Thus it is that Claude's drawings are the most difficult part of his work to speak about.

It would be easy enough to give a list of the subjects did space allow, but to convey an idea of the grace and charm with which even the most trivial subject is treated would be a difficult task.

Tivoli, as we know from Claude's biographers, was a favourite sketching-ground with him. Again and again we find in these drawings the Falls, the Castle, the Temple of the Sibyl—all the well-known features of the place.

Studies of trees and foliage are very numerous ; sometimes indicated in bold masses by touches of the brush ; at other times delicately outlined in pen or pencil. Sometimes it is a sweep of the Campagna dotted with farms which the artist shows us ; at others a bit of a port, Marinella perhaps or Ostia, with a group of boats—real craft that might brave a storm, not those impossible-looking holiday caravels and galleons of the artist's pictures.

Anon, it is a bit of old Rome, the Arch of Titus, the Forum, the Temple of Castor and Pollux, which he has sketched. It is worth noting that in these drawings of architectural subjects he proceeds on quite another principle than in his pictures. The T-square and the plumb-line are forgotten, and the draughtsman indicates the massive architecture with a real feeling for the beauty of broken stone and the vibration of the atmosphere. Every now and again we come across a figure-study ; and if many of these, more particularly the larger and more elaborate ones, betray by their uncouthness that "*molto evidente suo mancamento*" of which Baldinucci speaks, yet there are others in which the artist has jotted down his little figures with a grace and ease which we would never have expected of him, and which makes us forswear all the evil we had said or thought about him in this branch of his art. Among such studies we may mention with especial praise

Study for the Embarkation of St. Ursula. British Museum.

the sketch for *The Embarkation of S. Ursula*, remarkable both for the graceful grouping and delicate indication of the figures.

The skill and the delicacy which Claude manifests in his drawings reasserts itself even more clearly in his etchings. These form a sufficiently important part of the artist's work to claim a chapter to themselves.

CHAPTER VIII

CLAUDE AS AN ETCHER

THERE are forty-four etchings by Claude extant. It is probable that this number represents all or nearly all his work in this line. The Abbé de Marolles in the catalogue, published in 1666, of his great collection of prints gives under Claude's name the entry, "*Il y a de celui-ci* 46 *pièces*." Proofs of Claude's etchings are extremely rare. A complete collection is an all but unattainable ideal. Fortunately the publication within recent years of a series of reproductions of Claude's etchings allows all lovers of the art to have access to what would otherwise have remained the treasures of a very limited circle. What Earlom and Boydell did for the *Liber Veritatis*, MM. Amand-Durand and Duplessis have done—but with infinitely greater taste and success—for Claude's etchings. Thanks to the plates etched in facsimile by M. Amand-Durand after the best obtainable proofs, the student and the connoisseur can indulge themselves in the illusion that they have before them the actual handiwork of the master. The notice by M. Duplessis, which forms the preface to the volume, furnishes all, or nearly all, the information that can be desired about Claude's work as an etcher.

The majority of Claude's etchings are undated—some are even unsigned—but from the dates attached to the others it would appear that he dedicated himself to this branch of art during two distinct periods of his life, the earlier from 1630 to 1637, the later from 1662 to 1663.

In the interval between these two periods only one date—1651—occurs.

It has been suggested with much show of probability that Claude's attention may have been drawn to etching during his stay at Nancy

by his compatriot Jacques Callot, the famous engraver and etcher, the generous friend and rival of Claude's *patron* Deruet. Just at the time that Claude was working at Nancy under Deruet Callot was engaged on his famous plates of the *Siege of Bréda*, and it may well be that the sight of these wonderful etchings may have led Claude to try his hand at the needle. Sandrart, too, may have encouraged Claude after his return to Rome in his early efforts at etching. One of the earliest of these efforts would appear to be the plate (R. D. 5)[1] known as *The Tempest*. It bears the date 1630, and represents an angry sea and a storm-tossed vessel. It is one of the few instances in which Claude has ventured to render Nature in her fiercer moods. In his endeavour to render the form of waves driven by the wind, Claude is as far from the truth as in his drawings of trees, mountains, and clouds. There is, however, as always in Claude's work, a picturesque effect as a whole.

If we examine this etching from a technical point of view we see that the artist already handles the needle with considerable skill, but is not yet entirely master of his *procédé*. Thus the sky is indicated by parallel lines, after the fashion of an engraving. There is a tendency in sky and sea to get mixed up together, despite the difference of treatment in each. The plate is badly bitten, hence a monotony in values.

The same defects appear in a more or less degree in *The Sketcher* (R. D. 9), *The Apparition* (R. D. 2), and *The Flight into Egypt* (R. D. 1), which we may therefore suppose to be early works. It is in the plate known as *The Brigands* (R. D. 12), dated 1633, that Claude first reveals his real skill as an etcher. In the firmly drawn foliage of the trees in the foreground contrasting with the delicately indicated distance, we detect the touch of a master-hand. *Crossing the Ford* (R. D. 3), 1634, and *The Herd at a Watering-place* (R. D. 4), 1635, show gradual progress. In the latter, a mere sketch, and somewhat heavy in the treatment of the background, we remark a much greater freedom of touch.

The next year saw the production of one of Claude's most successful

[1] The numbers preceded by the letters R–D refer to the list of Claude's etchings in Robert Dumesnil's *Le Peintre Graveur Français*, vol. xi. 1871. The order in this list, though far from correct chronologically, has for the sake of convenience been adhered to by all subsequent writers on the subject.

Claudius Gellee fecit Romæ 1652.

and best known etchings, *The Herdsman* (R. D. 8). With the genius of a true poet Claude has compressed into a few square inches all the charm of Virgil's Eclogues, all the beauties of pastoral life. Stately trees, fragrant meadows, a serene sky and a silvery river combine to form an ideal home for man and bird and beast. The fragments of columns which peep from under the trees on the right, instead of provoking, as the accessories of the Claudian landscape too often do, a reminiscence of the stage, harmonise discreetly with the sentiment of the surroundings. The execution in this work is on a par with its poetic feeling.

> "Even so the etcher's needle on its point
> Doth catch what in the artist-poet's mind
> Reality and fancy did create."

Claude would seem to have been as laborious a worker in etching as he was in painting. In his earlier plates he employs the needle only, but soon learns to use the burnisher and the dry-point. The plate in question is an instance of Claude's conscientious and unobtrusive labour. A careful examination shows that there is scarcely any portion of it which has not been worked over two or three times. Of this etching one of the best modern authorities on the art has said: "For technical quality of a certain delicate kind this is the finest landscape etching in the world. Its transparency and gradation has never been surpassed."[1]

The same delicacy and luminosity which distinguish *The Herdsman* are displayed in the *Seaport with a Lighthouse* (R. D. 10), and even more conspicuously in the *Sunrise* (R. D. 15). The subject treated is one which Claude loved to paint. It afforded him scope to display his skill in the rendering of sea and sky. The etching indeed corresponds, with some slight differences, to the drawing No. 5 in the *Liber Veritatis*. There exist four pictures of the subject: one at the Hermitage, one in the Dresden Gallery, one in Lord Yarborough's collection, and one (of doubtful authenticity) at Hampton Court. To grapple with this subject in etching was to attack the greatest difficulty of the etcher's art—the rendering of a sunlit sky.

We leave it to the authority already quoted to say how far Claude succeeded. "This etching is remarkable for the inexpressible tenderness

[1] P. G. Hamerton, *Etching and Etchers*, p. 142.

of its sky. When heretics and unbelievers say that skies cannot be done in etching, it is always convenient to answer them with a reference to this plate; but the truth is that although the sky is marvellously tender, and in this respect undoubtedly the finest ever etched, the cloud-forms are so simple and so little defined that Claude's success in this instance has not solved more than one of the great sky-problems." [1]

In the following year (1637) Claude was engaged in etching the plates (R. D. 28—40) known as the *Fireworks*. Impressions of these plates are very scarce. Their artistic merit is small. For a long time they excited and puzzled the curiosity of collectors. It is only of recent years that the enigma has been solved by the discovery of a volume of Spanish twelve-syllable verses (*silvas*) entitled *Descripcion de las fiestas que el Sr. Marques de Castel Rodrigo Embaxador de España celebro en esta corte ala nueva del election de Ferdinando III. de Austria, Rey de Romanos, Hecha por* MIGUEL BERMUDEZ *de Castro. En Roma por Francisco Caballo* M.DC.XXXVII *con licencia de los superiores.* This volume, now in the possession of M. Dutuit, bound in its original binding of white parchment, is adorned with the arms of Pope Urban VIII., the Barberini bees, whence it would appear to be a copy presented to the Pontiff. Bound up with this Spanish work is an account of the festivals in Italian. There is also another Italian version with a different title and dedication, but it is doubtful whether it was illustrated by Claude's etchings. The festivities in honour of the accession of Ferdinand III. to the crown of the Empire and to the title of King of the Romans lasted the better part of a week and were on a very magnificent scale. There were *Te Deums* in the churches, comedies and ballets in the Piazza di Spagna, and on several evenings grand displays of fireworks with set pieces symbolical of the glories of the Empire. Claude's fourteen etchings show us these fireworks in various phases.

After the execution of these plates the artist apparently laid aside the etching needle for many years. It has been pointed out by Lady Dilke as a significant fact that Claude's interest in etching seems to have ceased in the very year that his friend Sandrart left Rome.

The next date which occurs is that of 1651. The etching which bears this date is known as *The Flock in Stormy Weather* (R. D. 18).

[1] P. G. Hamerton, *Etching and Etchers*, p. 421.

Dance under the Trees. From the Etching by Claude.

Claude was, as we have already seen in considering his pictures, a fair-weather artist. We need scarcely be surprised, therefore, if in this plate he has failed to make the most of a sky heavy with a just-bursting storm. There is, however, an interesting effect of wind and rain in the rendering of the trees and foliage. The three columns on the right, supporting a broken architrave, are etched with a firmer touch and in a more picturesque way than any other piece of architecture treated by Claude.

Between 1651 and 1662 comes another gap. It is of course possible that some of the undated plates may have been executed in these intervals.

Two etchings—the largest which Claude produced—bear the date 1662—*Mercury and Argus* (R. D. 17)—a variant of the picture painted in 1659 *pour M. Bosout* (*L. V.* 150)—and *Time with Apollo and the Seasons* (R. D. 20). The following year saw the production of *The Goatherd* (R. D. 19). It has been suggested that the revival of Claude's interest in etching towards the latter part of his life may have been due to Dominique Barrière. This engraver—a native of Marseilles—migrated to Rome ; at what date we do not know, but he was certainly there as early as 1656, in which year he executed a plate for Queen Christina of Sweden. Between the years 1660 and 1668 he engraved five of Claude's pictures. We have already seen that Barrière acted as one of the witnesses to the will of 1663.

In certain of Claude's etchings there is a tendency to heaviness, a defect which—always supposing that these etchings belong to the artist's later period—may have been caught from Barrière.

It is chiefly on the plates of his earlier period that Claude's reputation as an etcher rests. Even these are very unequal in merit. *The Brigands* (R. D. 12), *The Dance by the Water Side* (R. D. 6), *The Dance under the Trees* (R. D. 10), and one or two others are superior to the rest, many of which fail in the rendering of values.

It may seem curious that Claude should frequently have failed to obtain in etching what is pre-eminently his strong point in painting-values ; but this must be ascribed to his want of experience in the process of biting his plates.

There is one plate—*The Village Dance* (R. D. 24)—corresponding

Dance by the Water Side. From the Etching by Claude.

to a picture in Grosvenor House which in its early state shows that Claude made the experiment of a method which long afterwards Goya employed with great skill—viz., the mixture of aquatint with etching properly so called. The experiment did not satisfy him. He ground down the surface which he had apparently roughened in the first instance with a piece of pumice-stone. The trace, however—a kind of fissure—appears in the later states.

One thing he never does. He never condescends to work simply for effect; he never aims at being "clever." There is a consciousness and a restraint about all, even the weakest, of his etchings, which fully compensate for the lack of brilliancy in some of them. In his best work he attains a delicacy and a tenderness which few other etchers of any period have equalled, none surpassed.

CONCLUSION

"Claude Lorrain knew the real world thoroughly, even to its smallest detail, and he made use of it as a means to express the world contained in his own beautiful soul. He stands to Nature in a double relation; he is both her slave and her master; her slave, by the material means which he is obliged to employ to make himself understood; her master, because he subordinates these material means to a well reasoned inspiration, to which he makes them serve as instruments."

Thus wrote Goethe. Elsewhere he expresses his admiration for the depth and grasp of Claude's powers.

It would be impossible within the limits of our space to quote all the criticisms on Claude scattered up and down the pages of *Modern Painters*, criticisms so scathing that it is difficult to acquit their author of the charge of prejudice. Indeed Mr. Ruskin himself admits that, if he have a prejudice, it is against Claude.

The following may serve as examples:—

"It would take some pages of close writing to point out one by one the inanities of heart, soul and brain which such a conception (*i.e.* Claude's *Moses and the Burning Bush*) involves; the ineffable ignorance of the

nature of the event and of the scene of it, the incapacity of conceiving anything, even in ignorance, which should be impressive, the dim, stupid, serene, leguminous enjoyment of his sunny afternoon—burn the bushes as much as they liked."—*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. part iv. section 25.

And again—

"If Claude had been a great man he would not have been so steadfastly set on painting effects of sun; he would have looked at all nature and at all art, and would have painted some effects somewhat worse, and nature universally much better."—(*Id.* vol. iii., part iv., section 23.)

These two diametrically opposite verdicts represent and sum up two different phases of public opinion with regard to Claude. Goethe wrote towards the end of the last century, when Claude was still in the meridian of popular favour, Mr. Ruskin in the middle of our own, when Claude's sun was just beginning to pale before that of Turner.

It was not long before, in England at least, Claude was completely eclipsed by his rival.

This change of public opinion was brought about quite as much by Mr. Ruskin's pen as by Turner's brush It was Mr. Ruskin who dispelled the false worship of Claude, stripped the idol of the votive offerings of blind admirers and hurled it from its pedestal. In so doing the great critic rendered an eminent service both to the cause of art and to Claude's true reputation.

A later generation, not blind to Claude's faults, but content to overlook them for the sake of his qualities, raises the poor fallen idol, a god no more, but none the less a thing of beauty, and sets it up again in the temple of art, no longer on the high pedestal where it stood before, but in a humbler shrine, where some still stop, not, as of old, to bow the knee before its miraculous powers, but to dwell lovingly on its beauty and its grace, to mark the poet's soul which breathes beneath its antique form.

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